

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. XXVI.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1912

NO 4

DECREASE OF \$45,940 IS MADE

The Board of Review has Made
Their Report of the Year's
Work of Taxes

27,116 HEAD OF CATTLE

The Decrease Made in the Assessed Valuation of Real Estate This Year is a Great Deal Less Than Last

The Board of Review having finished its work for the present year, it is interesting to note that the total real estate assessed valuation this year is considerably smaller than last year and the personal property assessed valuation is \$17,111,470.

The following comparative figures are interesting:

Total assessed value realty, 1912—\$13,290,620. 1911—\$13,146,670.

Total assessed, Personal and Real, 1912—\$17,111,470. 1911—\$17,157,410.

Total Personal, 1912—\$3,820,850. 1911—\$4,010,740.

1912 Lake County Assessed values, total lots, \$7,325,935. Total lands, \$5,964,685. Total personal, \$3,820,850. Railroad personal, \$53,210. Telephone and telegraph, \$169,715. Bank stock, \$222,780. Total Assessed value \$17,111,470.

Their conduct last year was of the best and on that score they can't be kept away, but their confiscating our choicest specimens of the finny tribe and the continual lowering of the waters of our lake is in our opinion sufficient provocation to warrant the issuing of an injunction prohibiting them from further transgressions. Let's hear from others on the subject.

All the above figures are one-third the full valuation, in other words, if one is to find out how much the total value of the various items is, he must multiply by three.

The board's figures this year show a total gain of \$87,995 over assessors' figures, in other words, the reviewers have raised the total assessed valuation in the county that sum over what the assessors returned.

Below are interesting figures showing the number and value of different stock in the county.

	No.	Av. val.	Ass. val.
Horses	10,503	\$ 80.62	\$ 270,176
Cattle	26,116	29.00	262,171
Mules and asses	120	95.95	3,739
Sheep	2,884	3.35	3,184
Hogs	7,646	7.25	18,981
Steam engines including boilers	304	589.59	59,746
Safes	220	25.80	1,892
Billiard and pool tables	69	57.78	1,329
Carriages and wagons	6,789	62.73	118,286
Watches and clocks	2,646	10.62	9,285
Sewing machines	2,656	8.22	7,251
Pianos	1,903	85.66	54,446
Melodeons and organs	206	23.39	1,607

OLD RESIDENT PASSES AWAY AT COLORADO

Mrs. John Cronkhite, nee Henrietta Aynsley, age 68 years, a resident of Lake county since birth, died at her home in Loveland, Colo., Saturday morning, Sept. 21.

The deceased is a sister of Mrs. Geo. Brown, of Waukegan, and is the wife of Lake County's best known merchant John Cronkhite, who for years was owner and manager of the largest elevator in northern Illinois. This elevator was erected by Mr. Cronkhite, at Rockfeller.

Five years ago Mrs. Cronkhite suffered an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. Her husband sold his interests in Lake county and moved to Colorado, where he hoped his wife would regain her health and strength. Soon after their arrival in Colorado, it was found that Mrs. Cronkhite was suffering from a cancer. Although everything was done, she died Saturday morning.

She was born at Diamond Lake, Ill., where she lived until her marriage.

She leaves to mourn her loving husband, one son, Frank, of Pittsburg, Pa., two daughters, Anna and Mrs. Ray Shadele, and one sister Mrs. Geo. Brown of Waukegan.

The remains arrived at Libertyville Wednesday morning and interred in the Diamond Lake Cemetery.

CHETEK KNOWS ALL THEM

Antioch Folks Get write up in Columns of the Chetek Alert

The following article under a heading of "Antioch At Large" appeared in last week's issue of the Chetek Alert: A. B. Johnson, Dr. Schwartz, Geo. Olcott, W. H. Tiffany, A. D. Gauger and James (Jim) McDougall arrived in Chetek by auto, the forepart of the week with the expectation of exterminating the fowls of the air, the beast of the forests and likewise fish and creeping things of the sea. In the few short weeks that they will camp near the peaceful waters of the beautiful Lake Chetek.

The party is comprised of a dentist, to care for their teeth, a doctor to care for their bodily ailments and wounds, a dealer in powder, etc., to supply them in fire crackers and fish hooks and a dry goods man and a wet goods man— suffice to say, they will alternate in their treatments and last but not least, an editor to write their obituaries. Politically the lineup is as follows: "A. B. a strong Taft man, George a Wilson man, Tiffany, Schwartz, Riley and Alex all Bull Moosers and when the charms of hunting pale, in our magic glass we see many hot political discussions warming the chill evening air and wafting like strains of sweet music over the moonlight bosom of the bay.

Nearly all the same bunch were here last year and with the store house of knowledge gained at that time to draw from, this year we predict for them feats of prowess in the nimrod line such as has never before been recorded in the annals of our history. Their success as fishermen is a state wide marvel, but whether it is due to the soft voice of Riley, the persuasive manner of Johnson or the winning smile of Tiffany none can say.

Their conduct last year was of the best and on that score they can't be kept away, but their confiscating our choicest specimens of the finny tribe and the continual lowering of the waters of our lake is in our opinion sufficient provocation to warrant the issuing of an injunction prohibiting them from further transgressions. Let's hear from others on the subject.

SUPERVISORS TAKE STRAW VOTE FOR PRES.

The Lake County Board of Supervisors Wednesday afternoon took a straw vote on their choice for president and the result was as follows: Roosevelt 11, Taft 6, and Wilson 4.

Chairman Clarke stated that he has a father-in-law who always likes to be with the winning side, but says that the situation this time has caused him to be somewhat perplexed so that he does not yet know which way to vote. He said he intended to take home a record of the vote so that his wife's father might know how to vote.

Chairman Chittenden Wednesday afternoon gave his report to the board on the matter of the county building and operating a tubercular colony at the county farm for poor patients. His committee found that for \$4,000 a suitable two-story building and basement, 24x28 could be erected. The committee was not to recommend the adoption of their plans, but the general feeling of the board was they would decide to order the building erected. The building would be erected not far from the other county buildings on the poor farm in case the plans carry.

YOUNG BRIDE IS STRICKEN WITH TYPHOID FEVER

Inexorable fate, which is no respecter of persons, chose to strike down with typhoid fever Mrs. Barbara Ebert Nagle while she was spending her honeymoon with her husband to whom she was married a week ago.

Everything on the matrimonial sea went smoothly for a few days until sickness loomed on the horizon. At first it was thought that it was nothing serious but on Monday a physician was called in and the illness was diagnosed as typhoid fever and the advice was given that the young woman should be taken to the McAllister hospital at Waukegan where she could receive the best possible care. On Monday night, exactly one week after her wedding ceremony she was placed in the hospital.

What Milton Omitted.

The rebellious angels had just been cast out of heaven. In the swift downward flight Lucifer overlooked Beelzebub.

"What's troubling you, Bubi?" he called.

"An old problem," answered the future foul fiend, between somersaults: "Where are we going this fall?"

Lipplacott's

ELECTRIC ROAD IS SOLD

The Electric Road Was Sold
For the Sum of \$1,650,000
To Jacob Newman

NOT SOLD TO TRUNK ROAD

The Road Will be Re-organized in Two Weeks and the Management of the Road Will be Same as Former Years

The properties of the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric railroad, south of the Wisconsin state line were sold Wednesday morning by Special Master E. D. Morrison of Chicago, appointed by the Federal Court to Jacob Newman, representing the bond holders of the road, for \$1,650,000. The price paid by the bond holders of the road is considered very cheap by the financiers who were in Waukegan. Mr. Newman was the only bidder for the Illinois properties.

It was expected by the large crowd gathered at the front of the courthouse Wednesday morning, that the road would bring at least \$5,000,000 and when it was sold to Mr. Newman for slightly over a million and a half, there was genuine surprise. Mr. Newman said: "I consider the price paid for the road very reasonable. We will start our plans for the reorganization of the road at once and should have them entirely completed within three weeks at the most."

When asked whether the road would be a part of any other electric company Mr. Newman replied positively that it was not. "The road will be as in the past—separate from everything," Mr. Newman also stated that as soon as the reorganization had been made complete, that the company would again approach the city on the franchise from the city of Waukegan.

Among those who were there for the sale of the road were: Mr. Morrison, Jacob Newman, attorney for the bond holders, and buyer of the road; Floyd Cinch, owner of the Hotel Sherman of Chicago and chairman of the reorganization committee; Frank McCullough, attorney for the Illinois half of the road; Losing-Ressenthal, representing the Wisconsin bondholders, and Receiver W. O. Thompson. It was expected that Mr. Thompson would bid on the road for his private property, but he did not.

The part of the road, commonly called the "West Line," the Libertyville division and the selection of the road running to the state line on the north were sold for \$50,000. The road from Evanston to Waukegan sold for \$1,600,000. The price on both sections was below the expectations of the sellers.

From Waukegan the company of Chicago men boarded a special car on the Chicago & Milwaukee electric to go to Racine, where Wisconsin end of the C. & M. E. R. R. was bought by Jacob Newman, representing Smith & Ford, the bond holders of the road.

No Room.

"Bertie," said the hospitable hostess at a Sunday school treat, "won't you eat some more cookies?"

"I can't, I'm full!" alighted Bertie.

"Well, then, put some in your pocket."

"I can't. They're full, too," was the regretful answer.—Youth's Companion.

Exemplary George.

She admitted being jealous of her husband. Consequently they quarreled frequently, and womanlike, she confided to her best friend.

"You are unfair at times to George," said the best friend one day, as the two sat on the veranda of the suburban home.

"I saw George in the city yesterday and he didn't see me. So I kept watching him. He had a seat in a crowded subway car. At least two score women, most of them pretty as a picture, came in and passed by him or stood in front of him. And George never looked at the one of them; he was deeply interested in his paper."—Philadelphia Times.

Modish Mem.

Modesty has been said to be woman's last and finest garment.

TOWNSHIP QUESTION NOT SETTLED

Twenty-nine Have Withdrawn
Their Names From the
Petition

FINAL VOTE WED. OCT., 2

The Township Fight Has Been Going on For Some Time, But, as Yet Neither Side Has Gained Their Point

The Board of Supervisors met again at Waukegan Wednesday to decide on the Lake Villa Township question. No decision was rendered, but the matter will be taken up again Wednesday Oct. 2, when the final vote will be taken.

Twenty-nine of those who signed the original petition for the creation of a new township, at Lake Villa, have withdrawn their names from the list, after the first report of the committee was made favorably on the matter of creating a new township.

If all the objections of those opposed to the creation of the township are sustained, the petition will lack one name of the required number, three-fourths. If the calls of those who are demanding a new township are considered as the foundation there will be majority of fifteen.

The committee on the Lake Villa township matter, Wednesday morning gave their report to the board of Supervisors, after a deliberation of over two weeks, recommending that the township, for which the residents of that district have been praying for the past eight months, be created.

The committee has carefully inquired into the matter and has found the petitioners were acting entirely according to law and that they have met all requirements of the law.

The following brief summary of their report, as given to the board Wednesday:

First—The territory in question comprises more than sixteen squares.

Second—The territory contains more than 200 legal voters required by law. To-wit: It contains 292 legal voters.

Third—More than the required three-fourths of the resident voters in the district signed the petition; namely, 224.

Fourth—No portion of the towns of Avon, Antioch or Grant will be made smaller than sixteen squares if the proposed township is organized, and will have the 200 voters required by law.

Fifth—That notice of the final action of said petition was posted in 22 conspicuous places in the said towns sixty days before the 11th of September 1912.

Sixth—The petition was duly published in a secular paper of general circulation three different times.

Seventh—No incorporated towns or villages will be divided if the petition is granted.

And the Simplest.

Deputation of Creditors—We've come to tell you that we are quite willing to make as easy an arrangement with you as possible.

Debtor—The easiest arrangement you could make would be all to go away again.

Maybe She Liked Coffee.

Kent Cooper, a newspaper man, said he was in a restaurant in Chicago recently when he observed, sitting at the table next him, an evidently well-to-do young man and a young woman, the latter of whom showed signs of not being accustomed to the restaurants of the class she was then patronizing.

When the remnants of the dessert were removed from before the pair, the waiter stood at attention for the final order.

"I think you may bring me a cigar and a demi tasse," said the man.

"I don't care for a cigar," giggled the girl, "but you may bring me one of the other things and a cup of coffee."

Life's Fullness.

Every day ought to have the thought of large things in it—the power of wide horizons. But every day must have the routine of small things in it. To harmonize the two is often hard and discouraging. Yet only in lives that combine steadfast duty with wide vision is the fullness of life realized.—Phillips Brooks.

TOM THUMB WEDDING

An Entertainment Consisting of Fifty Children at the M. E. Church on Oct 11.

The Tom Thumb Wedding entertainment, which was postponed, will be given in the M. E. church, Friday evening October 11th. About 50 children between 2 1/2 and 10 years of age will take part. They will be trained by Miss May Burnworth who has directed this entertainment many hundred times and has met with wonderful success. The entertainment has been given as many as four times in the same place and always to large audiences.

The entertainment lasts one and one-half hours and is one continuous performance the entire time, interspersed throughout with songs by the little people. For instance, Grandma Thumb sings a solo, "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs," and Grandpa follows with "I've Grown So Used to You." Later Grandpa Midget sings "Silver Threads Among the Gold." At different parts of the evening, four cousins of the bride sing, "O Promise Me," "Some Day," "I'd Love to Live in Loveland," and "When You and I Were Young Maggie."

The preacher has a catchy little ceremony—not in any sense like the real one—but a pretty, catchy little piece, made up for the occasion. On the whole the entertainment is one continuous round of such clean, wholesome fun as only children can furnish, and everyone goes away refreshed and rested from witnessing it.

The characters are: Bride and groom, best man and maid of honor, four bridesmaids, two ushers, aunties of groom and cousins of bride, minister and wife, fathers and mothers of the bride and groom, two grandfathers and a grandmothers, two sisters of the bride and bachelor friend, several couples of guests, twelve waiters and six couples flower girls.

This entertainment will be given but one night, don't fail to come. The director will be here for several days to train the little ones.

NAVAL TRAINING STATION WILL START INQUIRY

This week the court of inquiry will take the matter of the deaths of the eleven naval training station lads will start its inquiry at the training station. The board is composed of these men, all officers at the station: Lieut. London, judge advocate of the board, Lieut. Com Smith, Lieut. Carter, and "Dr. Kotes.

This court will minutely inquire into every detail and circumstance of the tragedy and events leading up to it and make a report to the navy department. They will go into more careful inquiry than the board of inquiry did, the work of the latter being merely to find out that the men died from drowning, probably accidental. The court of inquiry will ascertain all the facts and place the blame if there is any, on the man or men who is found at fault. This court leaves no stone unturned to get at the exact fact.

MRS. MATILDA CRAGG DIES OF TUBERCULOSES

Mrs. Matilda Cragg died on Monday noon at the home of her sister Mrs. E. Thayer and Mrs. Cragg's former home, at Lake Villa. The cause of her death being tuberculosis.

She came back here from Evanston last spring, in order to die at her old home. Knowing that she could not live much longer. She has been at the tuberculosis colony at Waukegan for a few weeks. She leaves a husband, three daughters and two sons, besides an aged mother and several brothers and sisters.

The funeral was held Wednesday, Rev. Lowrie officiating and burial in Angola cemetery. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved family.

Careless Burglar.

An absent-minded burglar, having gained entrance to a Philadelphia residence and gathered all the family jewelry, slipped everything into his pocket. Then, discovering a brand new suit of clothes, he changed his raiment and left the house, forgetting to empty the pockets of his old suit. It is difficult for the careless man to attain a very high degree of efficiency in any line of endeavor.—Boston Globe.

Scientific Melon Raising.

Spanish farmers who raise melons plant only the seeds of those specimens which at the family table were found particularly sweet, fragrant and pulpy. By this process of selection they bring it about that sometimes there is a whole plantation without a single flavorless melon in the lot.

WILL SOON INVESTIGATE MILK PRICES

Different Milk Associations are
in Serious Situation as to
Low Prices For Milk

\$1.70 PER 100 IS OFFERED

Last Year the Farmers Got \$1.79 Per 100, and Are Working For That Price This Year

Federal investigation of the so-called "milk trust" will be asked by the Chicago Milk Producers' Association with which most of the Kenosha county producers are affiliated.

Last Saturday the Borden company announced a reduction of 9 1/8 cents a hundred pounds in the price paid the farmers for their product. This was followed by an announcement on behalf of the farmers that a federal investigation would be asked.

The milk producers had asked an increase of nineteen cents per hundred pounds and the announcement that a 6 1/8 cent cut had been made aroused them to immediate action. According to the farmers, milk at the present time is produced at a greater expense than ever before. Feed, they assert is so high. Cattle have increased in price and laborers for dairy farms can scarcely be had at any price. The milk ordinance recently passed by the Chicago city council, they say, has increased the cost of producing milk for the Chicago market more than ten per cent.

"The announcement of the new price came as a shock to all the producers of milk," said James F. Grier, secretary of the milk producers' association. "There has never been a time when the cost of milk production was so high."

Under the new city ordinance the farmer must keep the flanks of his cattle clipped. He must reduce the temperature of the milk to sixty degrees, immediately after milking. This means larger quantities of ice and added expense. Unless the companies pay more for the milk the producers will be forced to sell their cattle and go out of business.

The price which were posted by the Borden company, follow:

October	\$1.60
November	1.75
December	1.80
January	1.75
February	1.70
March	1.60

Average, \$1.70 per 100 pounds. The average price last year was \$1.79 100 pounds.

Libertyville Men Hold Milk Meeting

Some forty odd milk producers met at Libertyville town hall Monday evening in an adjourned meeting from last Tuesday, Chairman A. Horton, presiding. The meeting was called for the purpose of deciding on the price per 100 pounds of milk for the next six months, beginning October 1. The committee appointed at the last meeting to confer with Yore Brothers, who operate a bottling plant at Libertyville made the report that Yore Brothers offered \$1.70 per 100 lbs. Last year this company paid \$1.79 per 100. No apparent cause for the decrease in price was offered. The price corresponds with that offered by Borden, in fact, the price was made after Borden advertised his rates.

HAS BEEN AN ASSESSOR FOR THIRTY-NINE YEARS

J. A. Hoffman, assessor at Newport township, states that he has served as assessor for more years than states previously. He states that he has been assessor for the past thirty-nine years. His work several days ago was commented upon by the Board as being more thorough than that of any assessor in the county. As far as can be ascertained, he holds the record for being the man who has served the longest as assessor in any one township in the county if not the state. His repeated re-election to office seems to indicate that he is satisfactory to the people of his township as well as to reviewing board.—Waukegan Gazette.

SERIAL STORY

The FLYING MERCURY

By Eleanore M. Ingram
Author of "The Game and the Candle"
Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island, near New York city, where Miss Emily French, a relative of Ethan French, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick French, is too muddled with drink to direct it. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named Lestrage. The latter fixes up the French car and directs Miss French how to proceed homeward. Ethan French has disappeared. He informs Emily plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but irresponsible fellow. It appears that a partner of Ethan French wanted an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrage, and at the French factory Emily encounters the young man. They refer pleasantly to their meeting when Dick comes along and recognizes the young racer. Dick likes the way Lestrage ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage. Lestrage tells Emily that he will try to educate her indifferent cousin as an automobile expert. Dick under takes his business schooling under the tutelage of Lestrage.

CHAPTER V—(Continued).

"Well?" Dick said at last, quierly.
"Have Mr. Bailey do nothing at all," was the deliberate reply. "There is an etiquette of subordination. I believe—this is Mr. French's factory. I've done my part and we'll think no more of the matter. I may be wrong. But I am more than grateful to Miss French."

"That's all you're going to do?"

"Yes. I wish you would not sit there."

"I'm tired; I won't fall in, and I want to think. We've been a lot together this spring, Lestrage; I don't like this business about the steering gear. Do you go down to the beach tomorrow?"

"Tonight. Tomorrow I must put in practicing on the track. I would have been down today if there had not been so much to do here. Are you coming with me, or not until the evening of the start?"

Dick stirred uncomfortably.

"I don't want to come at all, thank you. I saw you once."

"You had better get used to it," Lestrage quietly advised. "The day may come when there is no one to take your place. This factory will be yours and you will have to look after your own interests. I wish you would come down and represent the company at this race."

"I haven't the head for it."

"I do not agree with you."

Their eyes met in a long regard. Here, in the crowded room of workers, the ceaseless uproar shut in their conversation with a walled completeness of privacy.

"I'm not sure whether you know it, Lestrage, but you've got me all stirred up since I met you," the young man confessed plaintively. "You're different from other fellows and you've made me different. I'd rather be around the factory than anywhere else I know now. But honestly, I like you too well to watch you race."

"I want you to come."

One of the men, with a vessel of white, heaving molten metal was trying to pass through the narrow aisle. Dick broke his sentence to rise in hasty avoidance, and his foot slipped in a puddle of oil on the floor.

It was so brief in happening that only the workman concerned saw the accident. As Dick fell backward, Lestrage sprang forward and caught him, fairly snatching him from the greedy teeth. There was the rending of fabric, a gasping sob from Dick, and reeling from the recoil Lestrage was sent staggering against a flying wheel next in line.

The workman set down his burden with a reckless endangering further trouble, active too late.

"Mr. Lestrage!" he cried.

But Lestrage had already recovered himself, his right arm crossed with a scorched and bleeding bar where it had touched the glittering wheel, and the two young men were standing opposite each other in safety.

"You are not hurt?" was the first question.

"I? I ought to be, but I'm not. Come to a surgeon, Lestrage—Oh, you told me not to sit there!"

Lestrage glanced down at the surface wound, then quickly back at the two pallid faces.

"Go on to your work, Peters," he directed. "I'm all right." And as the man slowly obeyed, "Now, will you take my advice and come to the race with me, French?"

"Race? You'd race with that arm?"

"Yes. Are you coming with me?"

Shaken and tremulous, Dick passed a damp hand across his forehead.

"I think you're mad to stand talking here. Come to the office, for heaven's

sake. And I'd be ground up there, if you hadn't caught me," he looked toward the jaws suddenly shredding and shredding a strip of cloth from his sleeve. "I'll do anything you want."

"Will you?" Lestrage flashed quickly. He dug back his head with the resolute setting of expression the other knew so well, his eyes brilliant with a resolve that took no heed of physical discomfort. "Then give me your word that you'll stick to your work here. That is my fear; that the change in you is just a mood you'll tire of some day. I want you to stand up to your work and not drop out dis-

qualified."

"I will," said Dick, subdued and earnest. "I couldn't help doing it—your arm—"

Lestrage impatiently dragged out his handkerchief and wound it around the cut.

"Go on."

"I can't help keeping on; I couldn't go back now. You've got me awake. No one else ever tried, and I was having a good time. It began with liking you and thinking of all you did, and feeling funny alongside of you." He paused, struggling with Anglo-Saxon shyness. "I'm awfully fond of you, old fellow."

The other's gray eyes warmed and cleared. Smiling, he held out his left hand.

"It's mutual," he assured. "It isn't playing the game to trap you while you're upset like this. But I don't believe you'll be sorry. Come find some one to tie this up for me; I can't have it stiff tomorrow."

But in spite of his professed haste, Lestrage stopped at the head of the stairs and went back to recover some small object lying on the floor beneath a pool of chilling metal. When he rejoined Dick, it was to linger yet a moment to look back across the teeming room.

"It's worth having, all this," he commented, with the first touch of sadness the other ever had seen in him. "Don't throw it away, French."

There is usually a surgeon within reach of a factory. When Mr. French passed out to the cart where Emily waited, he passed Dick and the village physician entering. The elder gentleman put on his glasses to survey his nephew's white face.

"An accident?" he inquired.

The casual curiosity was sufficiently exasperating, and Dick's nerves were badly gone.

"Nothing worth mentioning," he snapped. "Just that I nearly fell into

the machinery and Lestrage has done up his arm pulling me out. That's all."

And he hurried the doctor on without further parley of excuse.

Lestrage was in the room behind the office, smoking one of Bailey's cigars and listening to that gentleman's vigorous remarks concerning managers who couldn't keep out of their own machinery, the patient not having considered it worth while to explain Dick's share in the mischance. An omission which Dick himself promptly remedied in his anxious contrition.

Later, when the arm was being swathed in white linen, its owner spoke to his companion of the morning:

"I hope you didn't annoy Miss French with this trifling matter, as you came in."

"I didn't speak to her at all, only to my uncle."

"Very good."

Something in the too-indolent tone roused Dick's usually dormant observation. Startled, he scrutinized Lestrage.

"Is that why you bothered yourself with me?" he stammered. "Is that why?"

"Shut up!" warned Lestrage forcibly and incoherently. "That isn't tight enough, Doc. You know I'm experienced at this sort of thing, and I'm going to use this arm."

But Dick was not to be silenced in his new enlightenment. When the surgeon momentarily turned away, he leaned nearer, his plump face grim.

"If I brace up, it won't be for Emily, but for you, Darling Lestrage," he whispered viciously. "She don't want me and I don't want her, that way. I've got over that. And, and—oh, confound it, I'm sorry, old man!"

"Shut up!" said Lestrage again.

But though Dick's very sympathy, unconsciously showed the hopeless chasm between the racing driver and Miss French, the hurt did not cloud the cordial smile Lestrage sent to mitigate his command.

CHAPTER VI.

Emily first heard the full story of the accident that evening, when Dick sat opposite her on the veranda and gave the account in frank anxiety and dejection.

"We're going down tonight on the

nine o'clock train," he added in conclusion. "Tomorrow morning he'll spend practicing on the track, and tomorrow evening at 6 the race starts. And Lestrage starts crippled because I am a clumsy idiot. He laughs at me, but he'd do that anyhow."

"Yes," agreed Emily. "He would do that anyhow." Her eyes were wide and terrified, the little hands she clasped in her lap were quite cold. "I wish, I wish he had never come to this place."

"Oh, you do?" Dick said oddly. "Maybe he will, too, before he gets through with us. We're a nasty lot, we Frenches; a lot of blue-blooded snobs without any red blood in us. Are you going to say good-by to me? I won't be home until it's over."

She looked at him, across the odor of dusk slowly silencing the moon rose.

"You are going to be with him?"

Dick smoothed his leggings before standing up, surveying his strict motor costume with a gloomy pride not to be concealed.

"Yes, I'm representing our company. Lestrage might want some backing if any disputes turned up. Uncle Ethan nearly had a fit when Bailey told him what I was going to do; he called me Richard for the first time in my life. I guess I'll be some good yet. If every one except Lestrage did think I was a chump."

"I am very sure you will," she answered, gently. "Good-by, Dick; you look very nice."

When he reached the foot of the steps, her voice recalled him, as she stood leaning over the rail.

"Dick, you could not make him give it up, not race this time?"

He started up at her white figure.

"No, I could not. Don't you suppose I tried?"

"I suppose you did," she admitted, and went back to her seat.

The June night was very quiet. Once a sleepy bird stirred in the honeysuckle vines and chirped through the dark. Far below the throb of a motor passed down the road, dying away again to leave silence. Suddenly Emily French hid her face on the arm of her chair and the tears overflowed.

There was no consciousness of time while that inarticulate passion of dread spent itself. But it was nearly half an hour later when she started up at the echo of a light step on the gravel path, dashing her handkerchief across her eyes.

It was incredible, but it was true: Lestrage himself was standing before her at the foot of the low stairs, the moonlight glinting across his uncovered bronze head and bright, clear face.

"I beg pardon for trespassing, Miss French," he said. "But your cousin tells me he has been saying a great deal of nonsense to you about this race, and that you were so very good as to feel some concern regarding it. Really, I had to run up and set that right; I couldn't leave you to be annoyed by Mr. French's nerves. Will you forgive me?"

Like sun through a mist his blithe voice, cleaved through her distress. Before the tranquil sanity of his regard, her painted terrors suddenly showed as the artificial canvas scenes of a stage, unreal, untrue.

"It was like you to come," she answered, with a shaking sigh that was half sob. "I was frightened, yes."

"There is no cause. A dozen other men take the same chance as Rupert and I; the driver who alternates with me, for instance. This is our life."

"Your arm—"

"It's well enough." He laughed a little. "You will see many a bandaged arm before the twenty-four hours are up; for we are finished without a scratch or strain or blister. This is a man's game, but it's not half so destructive as football. You wished me good luck for the Georgia race; will you repeat the honor before I go back to French?"

"I wish you," she said unsteadily, "every kind of success, now and always. You saved Dick today—of all else you have done for him and for me I have not words to speak. But it made it harder to bear the thought of your hurt and risk from the hurt, when I knew that I had sent Dick there, who caused it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Some London Statistics.

In a volume of more than 600 pages the London County Council presents statistics of much interest. The metropolitan district, made up of the cities, towns and boroughs which comprise the great London, had a population of 7,252,963 in 1910, occupying an area of a little more than 692 square miles. Only 14.8 per cent of the total number of inhabitants, or 1,070,110 persons, were entitled to vote in parliamentary elections, and of these 74.6 per cent went to the polls in the election of December, 1910, a falling off from the 84.3 per cent which voted in January of that year. In 1909 there were 116,559 births, a decline since 1881 from 34.3 to 24.2 a thousand of population. The death rate fell from 19.8 in 1900 to 14.7 a thousand. Phthisis and pneumonia were responsible for more than 13,000 deaths.

More Curious Than Comfortable.

The Mashukulumbi natives of northwestern Rhodesia have a most wonderful head-dress, which is made of cuttings of hair from other boys' heads mixed with mud and grease. Sometimes these topknots are studded with all sorts of curiosities, such as beads, bits of broken crockery, brass paper-fasteners (the latter generally stolen by the native messengers from the native commissioner's office), feathers, and so forth. The result forms one of the most curious costumes in the world.

FACTORS OF PROFIT IN THE DAIRY HERD

By W. L. GAINES, University of Illinois.

Profit From Herd	Sum of Profits From Each Cow	Value of Product (Market)	Minus Cost of Product	Times	Amount of Product	Cost of Keep (Feed, Labor, etc.) Divided by Amount of Product	Capacity of Cow and Opportunity	Capacity of Cow (Inherited Dairy Ability) and Opportunity (Feed, Care, Etc.)
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The above chart furnishes an outline of the factors which enter into the profit made from many herds of cows where the dairy product is the chief source of income from the herd. In the case of pure bred, dual purpose or beef herds the calves may take a more important place so that the amount of milk produced is not the only consideration in returns from the cow.

It is quite evident that the profit divided from the herd is made up of the profits from each cow separately. If all cows in the herd gave the same or nearly the same profit, it would be as well to say that the herd profit equals the profit per cow times the number of cows, and that to secure a greater profit a larger herd is necessary. The latter is a somewhat common view, but a good one, since the net returns from different cows in the herd varies to a great extent. Size of the herd is, of course, a factor in the total profit made from it—a 50-cow dairy will plainly give larger returns than a 10-cow dairy. Yet in either herd there will very likely be a greater range of profit between the better and poorer cows than there is in numbers between the larger and smaller herds, and this fact is not at all plain to many men.

The factor of the value of the product or the market available is a very important one to be considered before going into the dairy business. It requires rather careful management to

make any profit on a market paying 25 cents a pound for butter fat while under the same conditions, but with a market paying 40 to 50 cents, a very substantial profit would be realized. Under average conditions, a cow yielding 200 pounds of fat per year is profitable, except for the mature "sho" produces, with a market paying less than 38 cents for fat in the form of whole milk, or 34 cents in the form of cream.

If the market justifies the operation of a dairy herd in connection with the farm and one is making this a part of his farm income, he has the opportunity of increasing his profit by increasing production. Increasing production decreases the cost of product, which gives a large net profit when subtracted from the selling price, and this large net profit is again increased when multiplied by the larger production to give the total profit from the cow. Amount of production is thus doubly important.

The cost to keep, especially the cost of feed, naturally increases with increased production. But if the cow has the ability to use more feed and convert it into milk the cost per unit of product will be decreased. A great many men overlook this point, and it

their production is not the same. This difference is due to the cow herself, and is without the control of the owner. His only recourse is to select cows of equal dairy merit which produce considerably different amounts of milk, but their production of butter fat will be nearly the same. The capacity of a cow is, therefore, best measured by the amount of fat she produces, and selection should be based on this. Culling on the basis of the amount of fat produced is one of the most rapid methods of bettering an unimproved herd. If the rejected cows can be replaced by better ones, under some conditions an experienced man can buy good cows to better advantage than to raise them, but under most farm conditions a supply is best obtained by breeding consistently to a dairy bred bull.

Large capacity is a special advantage in permitting crowding when prices are favorable. If the market is high enough to give a profit of 30 cents, it is a decided advantage to have a cow that can make 50 pounds of fat a month instead of one whose limit is 30 pounds, even though the former did not produce more cheaply per pound.

Farm Implement Sheds.

Census figures show that in 1910 there was \$73,724,074 worth of farm machinery in the state of Illinois. There ought to be a lot of sheds to house \$73,000,000 worth of property, but it is safe to say that the only shelter that a goodly portion of it has is the friendly covering of an old tree. Economy means management without loss or waste. Action or system cannot be lauded as enjoying economical perfection, and we cannot call agricultural production economical, unless in our methods we have prevented these leaks which allow deplorable loss. In other words, it is good economy to build farm implement sheds.

Country Life Lectures.

A course of lectures on country life problems will be one of the features of the work of the college of agriculture of the University of Illinois for the next year. The lectures will deal with the problems of the farm, duties of good citizenship, and social, economic and educational work in rural communities. They will be given by Dean Eugene Davenport and other members of the faculty; one lecture will be given each week. All first year students will be required to attend.

hen that lays 150 eggs a year is a rare one, though it is something all breeders should strive to produce. A good flock of hens will average 75 to 100 eggs a year, and if a portion of them are laid during the winter, it is safe to place the average price per egg at two cents, making \$1.50 to \$2 as the value of eggs from each hen. Having kept a record of all the feed consumed during the year for my 400 hens, the cost of feed for each hen can be placed pretty close to 75 or 80 cents.

FEEDING TO PRODUCE EGGS

In Addition to Variety of Grains Milk of Any Kind Is Favored—Cost of Keeping.

Though many people advise against it, I like to feed my hens by the hopper method mainly. The hoppers are large enough to hold about 100 pounds each, and in different hoppers I put oats, bran and meal-scrap, wheat and barley, says a writer in the Farm and Fireside. I tried a hopper with corn, but found they ate 300 pounds of corn to every 100 pounds of wheat and 25 pounds of oats. Wheat, oats and barley being the best egg-producing grains, the corn hopper was closed and the proportion of the different grains then consumed was four parts wheat, two parts barley, one part oats and a little bran and meal-scrap. This comes pretty near the "lay or bust" ration given out by the Oregon experiment station. Milk, whether skimmed, sour or butter, is a valuable addition to any ration. In addition to the grain they get from the hopper, corn is fed at night, and while this may appear peculiar, having other grains before them all day, the hens do find room for no small amount of that grain which they like best. The only green feed they get is cabbage. While grit and oyster shells is supplied, I value the coal and wood ashes most highly. The dust is added to their dusting pen, and the small unburned pieces of coal are rolledish by the hens more than either the grit or shell.

Some good poultry folks make three to six dollars profit from each hen (on paper), but I got close to one dollar over feed, and considering the fact that little time was spent in caring for them, they paid better than any other stock kept on the farm. The

A HIDDEN DANGER

It is a duty of the kidneys to rid the blood of uric acid, an irritating poison that is constantly forming inside.

When the kidneys fail, uric acid causes rheumatic attacks, headache, dizziness, gravel, urinary troubles, weak eyes, dropsy or heart disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills help the kidneys fight off uric acid—bringing new strength to weak kidneys and relief from backache and urinary ills.

A Missouri Case.

Mrs. H. J. Linnebur, 608 Madison St., St. Charles, Mo., says: "I was miserable from backache, pain in my head, dizziness and a sensitiveness in the small of my back. My ordinary household work was a burden. Doan's Kidney Pills corrected these troubles and removed annoyance caused by the kidney secretion. I have much to thank Doan's Kidney Pills for."

Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, 50c a Box.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

Sufficient unto this day is the night that cometh after.

YOU CAN CURE CATARRH! No matter what the cause, it is a most effective remedy. All druggists, 25 and 50c. Adv.

Bad Practice.

Fresh Boarder—Mrs. Simpkins, you would never get employment in a street railway office.

Landlady—Why not?

Fresh Boarder—You exhibit too strong a tendency to cut down the fare.

What She Said.

"How well you look!"

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, indeed, I do. I never saw you looking better in my life."

"I'm so glad to hear you say so. I hope you mean it."

"I really do. Only the other night I was saying to my husband that there are a lot of women I know who aren't half so old as you that don't look nearly so young."—Detroit Free Press.

Different.

Albert J. Bevilacqua said in Chicago of a corrupt boss:

"He's very virtuous—oh, very virtuous."

"A millionaire once went to him and said:

"I want to get to the senate. Will you sell me your support?"

"No, sir!" the boss answered, striking himself upon the chest. "No, sir! I'm a free-born American citizen and I'll sell my support to no man."

"But," said the millionaire, blandly, as he drew out his checkbook and fountain pen, "but if you won't sell me your support, perhaps you'll rent it to me for the term of this campaign?"

"Now you're talking," said the boss in a mollified tone.

CASH FOR EXPORT.

Mr. Goetz Coyne—Lord De Broke, your new son-in-law, hasn't much of a head for business.

Mr. Dustin Stax—You wouldn't say that if you knew the bargain he drove with me.

CAREFUL DOCTOR

Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated, regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation."

"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y.—and as a last hope, sent for him."

"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more."

"I kept at it and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonfuls. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered."

"Now after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg.

"There's a reason."

"Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY—The Hoosier Poet



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

HIDDEN away between two busy thoroughfares in Indianapolis is Lockerie street. Scarce two blocks in length it resembles nothing so much as a country lane. Great elm trees line the sides and meet to form a bower of shade. It is unpaved, for its "leading resident" does not like paving, and when, several years ago, the city council insisted that it should be converted into a conventional city street with a paving of brick, he voiced his protest in a poem beginning:

Such a dear little street it is, nestled away,
From the noise of the city and heat of the day,
In cool shady covert of whispering trees,
With their leaves lifted up to shake hands with the breeze,
Which in all its wide wanderings never may meet
With a restless place fairer than Lockerie street!

That poem has long been famous and Lockerie street remains as it always was, "nestled away from the noise of the city and heat of the day." Its "leading resident" is no less a personage than James Whitcomb Riley, recognized as the greatest of living American poets and whose name is one of the best known literary critics of the world treat with a profound respect. Here in Lockerie street he lives, quietly, unostentatiously, in a large brick house that breathes the very spirit of comfort, but which makes no pretensions to elegance. And to this spot countless friends will send their way on Monday, October 7, to extend their congratulations and felicitations, the occasion being the poet's birthday.

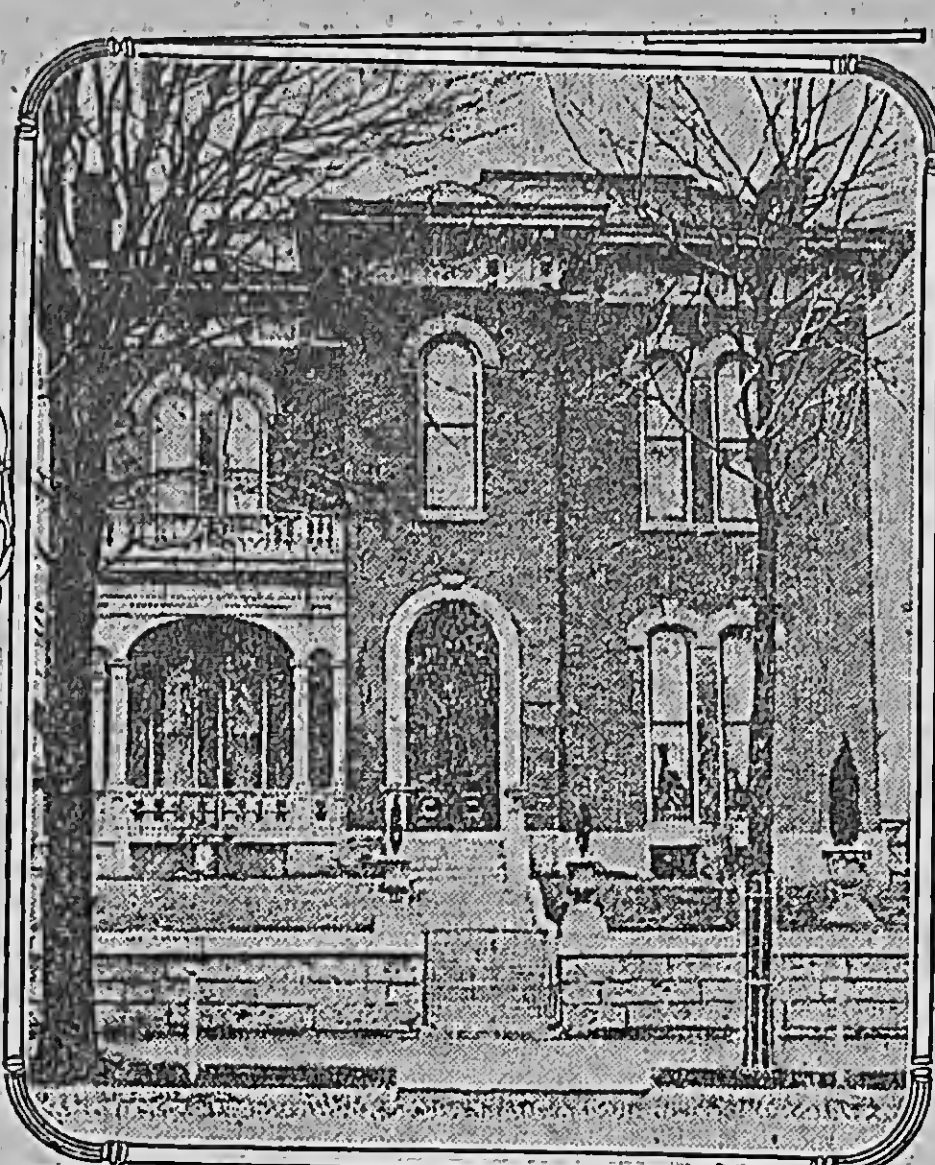
This will begin what is to be known throughout literary circles as "Riley week," and which will mark the greatest ovation ever tendered an American writer. This celebration will not be confined to Indianapolis either, for nearly every city in the United States has enthusiastically taken up the idea and arranged exercises to be held during this week in honor of James Whitcomb Riley. Every one seems anxious to pay tribute to the man who has brought sunshine into thousands of lives.

Only a few months ago there was sadness in many hearts, for the word had gone forth that Mr. Riley had been stricken with an illness from which he could never recover. But today that sadness is changed to joy, for Mr. Riley has been spared to celebrate another birthday. He is not only alive, but practically as well as ever he was. He is always happy, and although he no longer strolls through the Indianapolis streets, as once he did, he is still a familiar figure, and every day he takes long rides in his big touring car. He is an enthusiastic motorist and one of his principal delights is to take his friends for a spin around the city or through the country in the vicinity of Indianapolis.

In 1853, in the little country village of Greenfield—scarcely even a village in those days—there was born James Whitcomb Riley, the son of Reuben Riley, a lawyer and a man known for his fearlessness and unconventionality. The boy's mother—a Marine—was a gentle and naturally poetic woman, and it was from her that Riley inherited his ability as a rhymester.

The young lad's life, in his earlier years, was not marked by any unusual event. His was the life common to boys in small towns. Beyond this, nothing much is known—there is nothing else to know. He attended school irregularly, more often than not a truist—as he himself has pictured—barefoot, browned by summer suns, happy and care-free, listening to a voice no other boy could hear, keeping his heart open and his soul free—a heart and soul that have never grown old.

"I did not go to school very much,"



THE RILEY RESIDENCE IN LOCKERIE STREET, INDIANAPOLIS

he once told an interviewer, "and when I did I was a failure in everything except reading, maybe. I liked to read. We had McGuffey's readers. But I always ran away when we were to read 'Little Nell.' I knew I couldn't read it without crying and, if I cried, the other boys would laugh at me."

To another visitor Mr. Riley said that he never had much schooling, and, continuing, he remarked: "What little I had never did me much good. I believe, I never could master mathematics, and history was a dull and useless thing to me. But I was always fond of reading in a random, desultory way, and took naturally to anything theatrical. I cannot remember when I was not a declaimer, and I began to rhyme almost as soon as I could talk. The first verse I ever remember writing was a four-line valentine. I was so small that I could hardly reach the top of the table, and I was painting a comic sketch on a piece of paper. I had a natural faculty for drawing as well as for rhyming, and should probably have made a fair artist if I had kept at it. Well, below the sketch I was making I wrote four comic lines, and these were probably my first poetic effort."

Perhaps the child Riley studied both the picture he had drawn and the lines he had written and decided then and there that the lines were so much better than the picture that he would devote his efforts thereafter to writing. In any event, he became a poet. According to his own autobiographical sketch he was born "so long ago that he persists in never referring to the date. Citizens of his native town of Greenfield, Ind., while warmly welcoming his event were no less demonstrative some years since to speed the parting guest." It seems, in fact, that as they came to know him better they more resigned were they to give him up. He was ill-starred from the very cradle, it appears. One day, while but a toddler, he climbed unseen to an open window where some potted plants were ranged, and while leaning far out to catch some dainty gilded butterfly, perchance, he lost his footing, and, with a piercing shriek, fell to the sidewalk below; and when, an instant later, the affrighted parents picked him up, he was—he was a poet!

At the age of fifteen Riley ceased to attend school, and at the wish of his father began to study law. As may readily be understood, in view of his career, the law had no attraction for the young poet. So, after being advised by the family physician to travel, Riley seized the first opportunity that offered and, putting aside his Blackstone, fled one afternoon between twilight and sunset to return to his native town no more for a year.

Riley, as he afterward said, had no money with which to defray the expenses of a trip, and when a patent medicine "doctor" made his advent in Greenfield Riley allied himself with the traveling caravan and departed when the caravan was pushed on to the next town. "I was with this man about a year," he said a few months ago. "His home was in Lima, Ohio, and he was a kindly old fellow. I did a good many things while in his employ—painted signs, bent the bass drum a bit and, maybe, I recited. My experience put an idea in my head—a business idea for a wonder—and the next year I went

into partnership with a young man. We organized an advertising company; we called it 'The Graphic company.' There were five or six young fellows—all musicians as well as handy painters. We used to capture the towns with our music, then contract with some merchants and decorate the fences along the country roads with their signs."

Riley and his associates continued in this occupation three or four years. All the while the young poet was gaining a reputation here and there as a rhymester, a teller of good stories and a companionable, interesting, lovable young man.

He wrote a great deal, and much that was submitted to eastern periodicals. Their editors, however, returned these contributions as regularly as they were received. It was discouraging, especially so in the eyes of the young poet, who believed, and doubtless was justified in believing, that his products were as good as those the magazines accepted and published. He did not have a name—and luck of reputation in those days was a serious handicap. Riley never ceased to contend when with his friends that this fact and this alone held him back. To prove it, he wrote the famous "Leensale," and with the connivance of the editor of a Kokomo (Ind.) paper, presented it to the world as an unpublished poem by Edgar Allan Poe. An elaborate story was devised, in which it was said that the poem, bearing the initials E. A. P., had been found on the fly leaf of a book. The verse was in Poe's well-known style, and its publication aroused much interest. In the end the hoax was discovered, but not until many critics had accepted the poem as "one of the best Poe had written."

For a time, he said in later life, he was, hopelessly despondent. It was in this frame of mind that a letter found him and summoned him to Indianapolis. The note was from the editor of the Indianapolis Journal, and it urged Riley to accept a position on the Journal staff. At the same time a tender, encouraging note came from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. These two communications revived Riley's drooping spirits, and, leaving Anderson and Greenfield, he went to the state capital, Indianapolis, in 1883. Riley's first book of verse was issued.

It was a simple little affair, bound in paper, bearing the title, "The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems."

Riley, as may be imagined, did not long remain in the Journal's regular employ. One after another his bound volumes began to make their appearance. Then came the poet's association with Nye on the lecture platform, followed, when that association was severed, by more poems, public readings and then many years of leisurely writing in his home in quiet little Lockerie street. Fortune has smiled on him and his wealth has increased and his fame has grown. But he is still the same gentle, lovable man who won friends in Greenfield and Anderson and Kokomo. He has made thousands of friends during his lecture tours.

Yes, Mr. Riley's birthday is to be a glorious event, and the tributes which will be paid him during "Riley Week" are indeed well deserved.

They are installed in the hope that they may induce children to save their 10-penny pieces rather than spend them for candy, ice cream, or other temptations, enough of which are always in evidence. If results are satisfactory, more of these automats will be installed at suitable places.—U. S. Consular Report.

Wasted Effort

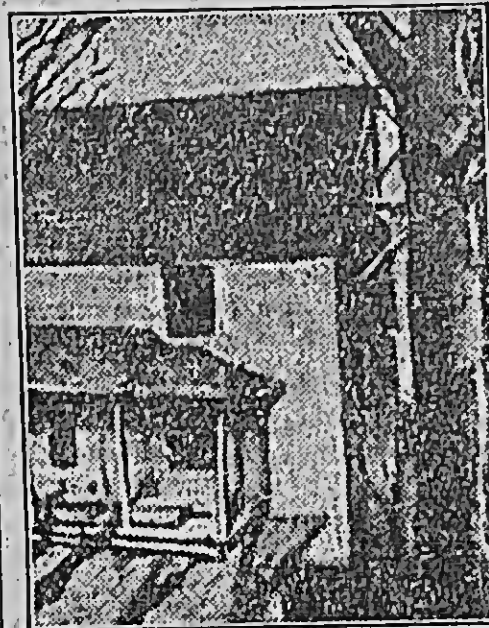
The heart that must be reached through the stomach isn't worth reaching.

GOES BACK TO YEAR 1716

Oldest Structure in Berks County, Pennsylvania, Was Built by Swedish Settlers at That Time.

Douglasville, Pa.—Of much interest to automobilists passing through the Schuylkill valley is the old Swede house here. The historic structure, the oldest building in Berks county, marks the northernmost settlement in the state of the Swedes, who were the first white settlers of Pennsylvania. The building was erected in 1716 and with the exception of slight alterations stands as it did nearly two centuries ago.

The Swedes who penetrated the unknown wilderness were a part of the colony which effected the first settlement on the Delaware in 1038. At that time this section of Pennsylvania was known as New Sweden. The question of encouraging the settlement of this region by the Swedes



Oldest House in Berks County.

had been considered by the king of Sweden a decade prior to that, but his war with the Germans and his subsequent sudden death delayed and nearly ended the project.

A part of the congregation of the old Swedes (Gloria Dei) church, which is now embraced in Philadelphia, under the leadership of Andrew Rudman, made an exploration of the Schuylkill in 1701 for the purpose of establishing an inland trading post with the Indians. They found suitable land several miles north of the Mantawney creek, where William Penn, the new proprietor of Pennsylvania, granted them 10,000 acres.

The settlement was named Moriaton and the Swedes lived in harmony with the Indians and thrived there long before the advent into the region of the English and German settlers. Their descendants are found in the locality to this day. Some of them, whose names are still perpetuated, were Andrew Bankson, Benjamin Durdene, Peter Boon, Benjamin Boon, Justin, Justason, Mounce Ernest, John Cook, Peter Cook, Otto Ernest, Cook, Jacob Culin, Matthias Hulston, Morton Murtis, Peter Yocum and Mounce Jones.

The old house above mentioned was built by Mounce Jones, who had one of the largest tracts under cultivation. It stands on the east bank of the Schuylkill, hidden on all sides by large trees. A road connecting the two highways on either side of the river now passes directly in front of it, from which the old date stone in its upper walls, bearing the date 1716, is easily decipherable. The building is now used as the headquarters of a boat club.

HIS TRUST IS IN THE BIBLE

Kaiser Declares He Solves All Questions, Even of a Political Nature, by the Scriptures.

Paris, France.—Rene Fuau, the military expert of the Temps, who was in close contact with the German emperor during the recent maneuvers of the Swiss army, quotes the emperor as summing up his satisfaction with the work of the troops in a conversation with President Forrer in the words:

"Your army saves me six army corps."

The emperor in conversation constantly insisted upon the necessity of understandings as the best means of dissipating suspicion, and declared his personal desire to maintain peace. On one occasion, in emphasizing this in conversation with President Forrer, the emperor, intimating to the president that he acquired much of his inspiration from the bible.

"I don't care much for priests and clergymen," said the emperor. "They dilute the gospel with too much of their own dogma. I hold to the bible, which I constantly read and reread. In it one finds the solution of every difficulty, of every problem, even of a political description."

It is known that the emperor's main object in attending the maneuvers was to convince himself of the ability of the Swiss army to make the neutrality of the country respected in case of war, and his remark is interpreted to mean that by the Swiss army forming a screen to prevent the French from invading Germany, through Switzerland, the Germans could release six army corps in south Germany for service in Alsace-Lorraine or along the Belgian frontier.

Rat Attacks Sleeping Girls. Nanticoke, Pa.—Orles of his two little sisters, Mary and Anna, aged five and seven years, summoned an older brother to their bedside. He found them bleeding profusely from wounds on the face and arms and fighting desperately the attacks of a large rat, which was gnawing their flesh.

Prospects for the Seventh Annual National Dairy Show, Chicago.

While this event has each year given evidence of its usefulness to the dairy world, yet the rounding out of the seven-year period promises to give to the country one of the most valuable educational shows ever presented. With the thought in mind that the importation of dairy products is growing to a dangerous amount and that present prices and general conditions concerning agriculture in America warrant a tremendous amount of work to stop the tariff drain upon our gold by foreign countries for products we should and must grow at home, the attention of the management has been given entirely to the rendering of practical demonstrations on lines of the maximum of production at the minimum of cost, of dairy products. While features of intense moment on sanitary and hygienic methods will be presented, yet the paramount work of this great educational show is for the farmer.

Matters of breeding and feeding will be presented by demonstration and discussion; the better handling and marketing of dairy products will be discussed—in fact, everything that will tend to aid in profitable dairy farming will be here shown and talked over by the highest national authorities. The machinery department will have many active, interesting, and instructive exhibits. It is the intention that every exhibitor shall have an opportunity to display his exhibit, wholly or in part, in active use, thus giving practical demonstrations under expert hands. But the cow and her place upon the farm will be the paramount issue; with \$3,000,000 annually being shipped out of this country for dairy products, the cow and how to increase her capacity has the most need of consideration by all patriotic citizens.

No farmer in the middle west, be he already engaged in dairying or not, can afford to overlook this ten-day short course all that is best for the farm. In fact, this show has assumed a relation with farming and dairying that makes it the annual round-up of all affairs of the dairy world, where show-yard battles are settled for the season; where trades are made and where matters affecting the next year's work are discussed and planned.

The show will be held this year, commencing October 24, in the International Amphitheater, Chicago. While the show is National in name, it will be International in character, as by comparison alone are we able to see what is being accomplished the world over. Some new and useful classes are being added to the classification, which will be ready for distribution shortly.—Adv.

Forced to Work.

An Edwards county farmer was short a harvest hand. He went to Kinsley, a mile away, in his auto. He found a man there, dumped him into his auto and took him out to the farm.

Next morning, when the drunkard had come out of it, he asked how far it was to town. The farmer told him fifteen miles and promised to take him in the following Saturday if he would help harvest that week. The man worked all week without knowing that he was only a mile from town.—Kansas City Journal.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle, Adv.

A woman's headaches are natural; a man's are usually acquired.

CURES ITCHING SKIN DISEASES. Cole's Carbolic Acid Soap itching and makes the skin smooth. All druggists. 25 and 50c. Adv.

Many a man who loves a woman for her coin doesn't mention it.

SUFFERED EVERYTHING

For Fourteen Years. Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elgin, Ill.—"After fourteen years of suffering everything from female complaints, I am at last restored to health."

"I employed the best doctors and even went to the hospital for treatment and was told there was no help for me. But while taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I

continued its use until I was made well."

—Mrs. HENRY LEISENER, 743 Adams St.

Kearneysville, W. Va.—"I feel it my duty to write and say what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from female weakness and at times felt so miserable I could hardly endure being on my feet."

"After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and following your special directions, my trouble is gone. Words fail to express my thankfulness. I recommend your medicine to all my friends."

—Mrs. G. B. WHITTINGTON.

The above are only two of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Plakham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which show clearly what great things Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does for those who suffer from woman's ills.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Resinol clears away pimples

BATHE your face for several minutes with hot water and Resinol Soap and very gently apply a little Resinol Ointment. In a few moments wash off again with more Resinol Soap and hot water, finishing with a dash of cold water to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, always using Resinol Soap for toilet and bath and see how quickly pimples and blackheads vanish, and your skin becomes clean, clear and velvety.

Resinol is also most effective for itching skin troubles.

Your druggist sells Resinol Soap (25c) and Ointment (50c), or mailed on receipt of price. Resinol Chemical Company, Baltimore, Md.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and softens the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never falls out. Prevents hair falling out. Use and it cures it.

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER. THE BEST QUALITY. STRAIGHT 5-CIGAR ALWAYS RELIABLE.

FOR ALL EYE PAINS. Pettit's Eye Salve.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 39-1912.

Automatic Savings Device

The Nuremberg City Savings Bank (Städtische Sparkasse Nuremberg) a municipal institution, has installed three automatic devices for the encouragement of saving among school children. These automats, upon the deposit of a 10-penny piece (2.38 cents) in the slot, deliver a gummed 10-penny savings stamp. The bank furnishes without charge a savings card, 6 inches square, marked off into

20 squares, to which these stamps are to be attached. When the card is filled up, it represents the value of 2 marks (47.6 cents), and upon presentation at the bank, the depositor's account is credited with that amount. One of these automats has been placed in the corridor of the bank office at the City hall and the other two in the corridors of high-school buildings. These stamp automats cost about \$190 each.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.

NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER.

Pumpkin Seed -
Aloes -
Sulphate of Soda -
Sulphate of Iron -
Sulphate of Magnesia -
Sulphate of Potash -
Sulphate of Lime -
Sulphate of Soda -
Sulphate of Iron -
Sulphate of Magnesia -
Sulphate of Potash -
Sulphate of Lime -

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Facsimile Signature of
Dr. H. H. Pitcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY
NEW YORK

46 months old

35 DROPS—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

of

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
A. B. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00
Advertising Rates Will be Furnished Upon
Application
Telephone Antioch 581
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1912

BILL NYE NOT APPRECIATED

Too Many In This Generation Neglect
the Works of the Really Great
Humorist.

There are too few of this generation who appreciate the humor of "Bill" Nye. The fans of Mark Twain out-rival him. The two were entirely apart in their methods. Nye convulsed you in the twinkling of an eye. Twain draws your sense of humor with the deliberation of one preparing you for a treat. Nye was closer to the west than Twain, and he was later. Twain went west with the gold seekers. Nye followed the railroads. Twain followed the newspaper business with uneven success in Virginia City, Nev., and became discouraged with his own possibilities as a writer.

It was one of his early ebullitions of humor that lost Nye his place on one Laramie (Wyo.) paper, and induced his friends to launch the Boomerang. Some of these same friends helped defeat his ambitions as a lawyer. They thought Nye's accession to the prosecuting attorneyship would make a joke of the office. It is as likely that the responsibilities of the office and the prospect of a legal career would have turned Nye's talents into serious channels. But, fortunately or unfortunately, Nye's propensity for humor burgeoned early in his western career.

When he was a justice of the peace in Laramie his office was over a livery stable. At the foot of the stairway Nye nailed this placard:

"Twist the tail of the gray mule and take the elevator."
If his humor was spontaneous, his sense of justice was just as keen. Philosophy there was in his work. Humor is, in fact, largely philosophy.
"Men will fight," wrote Nye, "until it is educated out of them. Most wars are arranged by people who stay at home and sell groceries to the widows and orphans and old mads at 100 per cent. advance."—Collier's Weekly.

Women Should Keep Place.

At a meeting of a woman suffrage organization in Kansas City, Kan., it was suggested that the members talk to their servants and other women workers with a view to forming an estimate as to the suffrage sentiment in that particular locality. One member, who has employed the same washerwoman for the last six years, reported that she put the question to this worthy lady:

"Are you in favor of votes for women?"
The suffrage woman asked.
"I don't pay any attention to politics," the washerwoman replied. "I leave all that to my husband."
"Well, how does your husband stand on woman suffrage?"
"He doesn't stand at all. He believes in women staying at home and minding their own business."

"How many families do you wash for?"
"Six."
"And what does your husband do, Mary?"
"He ain't doing anything right now—unless he found something this morning."—Kansas City Star.

Flying Over the Desert.

Flying over the desert is quite similar to flying over the sea, according to the experience of the Italian aviators; but, while at a height of 1,000 feet a fine view is obtained, if the aviator ascends 300 feet farther even, the earth is generally concealed by a blanket of fog. It is, therefore, difficult to reconnoiter at a safe elevation. In experiments made to demonstrate the value of bombs thrown from aerial machines, it was found that generally the operator was unable to determine the amount of damage resulting from the bomb dropped and, therefore, it was regarded as advisable to have another machine to follow the first for the purpose of noting the conditions after the passage of the first.

Sure It Was Wednesday.

The lawyer was determined to discredit the witness.
"You are positive this happened on Wednesday?" he demanded.
"I am."
"Sure it was Wednesday?"
"Yes."
"Can't be mistaken?"
"No."
"Why couldn't it have been Thursday or Tuesday? How is that you can fix this day so positive in your mind?"
"Because," answered the witness with some spirit, "we had chicken that day. Chicken day is Wednesday where I board."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Home Run in Boston.

Here is how they describe a home run in Boston:
McSwiney struck the ball a terrific blow; propelled it in a lateral direction to the uttermost lengths of the field. By means of this notable performance he was enabled to complete the entire circuit of the bases. The audience applauded cordially.

CHANCERY NOTICE

State of Illinois, County of Lake, ss. Clerk of said Court of Lake County, to the October Term, A. D. 1912.
Edgar B. Williams and Daniel A. Williams, vs. Mary E. Williams, Agnes Williams, Benjamin Williams, Daniel Williams, Frank Williams, Nelson Williams, Jeremiah Collins, the unknown heirs or devisees of Chas. Williams deceased, the unknown heirs or devisees of Leamli Pearson deceased, the unknown heirs or devisees of Constantia Brown deceased, the unknown owners of the following described lands and real estate situated in the Town of Antioch, in the County of Lake and State of Illinois, to-wit: That part of the northwest quarter of Section 8, Township 46 North, Range 10, East of the 3rd P. M., commencing on the north line thereof at a point 20 rods east of the northwest corner of said quarter section, running thence south parallel to the west line of said quarter section to the south line of said quarter section; thence east on the south line of said quarter section to the center of Fox River Road; thence north along the center of Fox River Road to the north line of said quarter section; thence west to the place of beginning, excepting therefrom lots 129 and 140 of County Clerk's Subdivision of unsubdivided lands in the Village of Antioch, Lake County, Ill., and also lots 1, 2, 3, 4 and 10 of the subdivision of Lots 141 and 142 of County Clerk's Subdivision of unsubdivided lands in the Village of Antioch, Lake County, Illinois. Also the east fractional half of the west fractional half of fractional section one (1), township 46, Range 9, East, excepting therefrom the following: Commencing at the northeast corner of said east fractional half of the west fractional half, thence west on north line of said fractional section 80 rods; thence south parallel with the west line of said section 40 rods; thence east parallel with the north line of said section 40 rods; thence north parallel with the west line of said section 40 rods to the place of beginning, also excepting therefrom Lot 5, Sylvan Woods being Williams Brothers Subdivision of the south 20.08 acres of the east half of the west fractional section 1-145, on due and diligent inquiry cannot be found so that process cannot be served on any or either of them, and that the defendants, Agnes Williams, and the unknown heirs or devisees of Charles Williams deceased, the unknown heirs or devisees of Constantia Brown deceased, and the unknown owners of the following described lands and real estate, situated in the Town of Antioch, in the County of Lake, and State of Illinois, to-wit:

That part of the northwest quarter of Section 8, Township 46, North Range 10, East of the 3rd P. M., commencing on the north line thereof at a point 20 rods east of the northwest corner of said quarter section, running thence south parallel to the west line of said quarter section to the south line of said quarter section; thence east on the south line of said quarter section to the center of Fox River Road; thence north along the center of Fox River Road to the north line of said quarter section; thence west to the place of beginning, excepting therefrom lots 129 and 140 of County Clerk's Subdivision of unsubdivided lands in the Village of Antioch, Lake County, Ill., and also lots 1, 2, 3, 4 and 10 of the subdivision of Lots 141 and 142 of County Clerk's Subdivision of unsubdivided lands in the Village of Antioch, Lake County, Illinois. Also the east fractional half of the west fractional half of fractional section one (1), township 46, Range 9, East, excepting therefrom the following: Commencing at the northeast corner of said east fractional half of the west fractional half, thence west on north line of said fractional section 80 rods; thence south parallel with the west line of said section 40 rods; thence east parallel with the north line of said section 40 rods; thence north parallel with the west line of said section 40 rods to the place of beginning, also excepting therefrom Lot 5, Sylvan Woods being Williams Brothers Subdivision of the south 20.08 acres of the east half of the west fractional section 1-145, on due and diligent inquiry cannot be found so that process cannot be served on any or either of them, and that the defendants, Agnes Williams, and the unknown heirs or devisees of Charles Williams deceased, the unknown heirs or devisees of Constantia Brown deceased, and the unknown owners of the following described lands and real estate, situated in the Town of Antioch, in the County of Lake, and State of Illinois, to-wit:

LEWIS O. BROCKWAY, Clerk.
Waukegan, Ill., Sept. 5, A. D. 1912.
Eugene M. Runyard and Elam L. Clarke, Complainants' Solicitors.

CHANCERY NOTICE.

State of Illinois, County of Lake, ss. Circuit Court of Lake County, October Term A. D. 1912.
Ed. Bleimel vs. Fred Koss, in Chancery, No. 5291. The requisite affidavit, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court, Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Fred Koss, defendant as aforesaid, that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said Court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Lake County, to be held at the Court House in Waukegan in said Lake County, on the first Monday of October A. D. 1912, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

LEWIS O. BROCKWAY, Clerk.
Waukegan, Illinois, August 31st, A. D. 1912.
Eugene M. Runyard, Complainants' Solicitor.

CHANCERY NOTICE.

State of Illinois, County of Lake, ss. Circuit Court of Lake County, October Term A. D. 1912.
Joseph Yopp vs. Johannah Kiefer, Annie Kiefer, Henry Yopp, Lawrence Yopp, Louis Yopp, Genevieve Kiefer, Otto Kiefer, Henry Herman, Eugene Herman, Eleanor Kelly (formerly Eleanor Herman), Lulu White (formerly Lulu Herman), Josephine Herman, William Herman, Frank Herman, Carrie Behrens, Mary Little, Maud Hamaker, Arthur Herman, Elsie Herman, Anna Bates, Josephine Cropper, J. J. L. Voltz, the unknown heirs or devisees of J. J. L. Voltz, deceased, John J. Louis Voltz, the unknown heirs or devisees of John J. Louis Voltz, deceased, Daniel Notzage, the unknown heirs or devisees of Daniel Notzage deceased, Samuel H. Green, the unknown heirs or devisees of Samuel H. Green deceased, Patrick Burk, the unknown heirs or devisees of Patrick Burk deceased, Andrew Cone, the unknown heirs or devisees of Andrew Cone deceased, and the unknown owners of the real estate in the Bill of Complaint described, in Chancery No. 5260. The requisite affidavit, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court, Notice is therefore hereby given to the said above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said Court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Lake County, to be held at the Court House in Waukegan in said Lake County, on the first Monday of October A. D. 1912, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

LEWIS O. BROCKWAY, Clerk.
Waukegan, Illinois, August 31st, A. D. 1912.
Eugene M. Runyard, Complainants' Solicitor.

FLED BEFORE FLAMES

RUSSIAN PEASANTS SUFFERERS FROM PRAIRIE FIRES.

Huge Areas Devastated and Human Lives, as Well as Live Stock, Sacrificed—Whole Settlements Wiped Out.

Midsommer in Russia has been ushered in by a great epidemic of fires on the steppes.

The intense dryness of the season has spread the fires over a huge area. One of the most dreadful fires that the Russian steppes have ever seen raged a few days ago in the Province of Turgai, on the other side of the Ural mountains, and to the northeast of the Caspian. On these steppes vast areas of grass stretch to the horizon, raised only by shrubs of the wild cherry and dwarf almond on the hill-sides or by clumps of wormwood when the soil is clayey. Herds of cattle and horses graze on the plains.

It was early in the morning when mighty clouds of smoke suddenly rose up from the steppe, a sure sign to the inhabitants that a fire was in progress. So appalling was the speed with which the fire rolled over the dry and yellow grass that the peasants had quickly to concert measures for saving just their own lives from destruction. Feverish activity prevailed in all the villages until the tongues of flame which came on nearer and nearer with uncanny swiftness appeared on the horizon.

Swept forward by the rushing wind, sparks from the conflagration kindled in advance another fire, which in a short time enveloped 30,000 acres of grazing ground. Swifter and swifter before the wind dashed on the wall of fiery waves. Enormous pillars of flame shot up into the air. The destruction was so strong that slabs of turf and burning branches were hurled up into the air and thrown far away.

Men and cattle were hard put to it to save themselves. Their least danger was of being scorched by the fiery breath which swept on ahead of the furnace. Women and children who sank helpless to the ground were dragged along by the other villagers, for only hasty flight was now of any avail. But even this would not have saved them had not a lake lain in their path, into which they all rushed, wading in as far as they could without drowning.

Imagine, then, hundreds of persons standing in the waters up to their shoulders, while all round them masses of flame ran along the banks and sent out flickering tongues over the water in their direction, baffled in their thirst for victims.

Some of the inhabitants of the villages on the steppes directly they saw the fire advancing set to work to burn large areas, and on these oases they collected all their cattle and household goods. At last a heavy shower came and extinguished the prairie fire. Many perished in the flames or were stifled by the smoke, five in one village, three in another, and so on. Besides this there was great destruction of livestock, large and small.—Hamburg Nachrichten.

How the Picture Animals Talk.

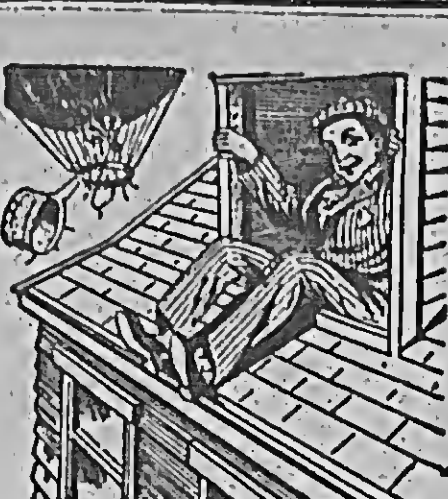
A Parisian novelty is a picture book of animals, and each animal utters its own characteristic cry. The pictures represent the most familiar domestic animals, and each animal speaks its own language. To cause it to "break silence" nothing is necessary but to pull a little string at the edge of the book.

In the books are to be seen a rooster, a cow, a lamb, little birds in their nest, a donkey, a cuckoo, a goat. On the last page are children who are welcoming their parents. By pulling the string at the right page the cry of any particular creature is elicited. The listener hears the donkey heehaw and the rooster crow. The crowing is well imitated. The string is pulled again and the lamb bleats, the birds twitter, the cuckoo sings, the cow moos, or the little children call out "papa" and "mamma."

These interesting results are obtained simply by the aid of small bellows placed in a box hidden in the book. When the string is pulled the air enters the corresponding bellows and is thence expelled by a spring. The air makes its exit through a special tube appropriate for each cry, and at the same time the bellows meets with obstacles placed on a wire.

Experimenting With Death.

There are few men, perhaps, who have not a hundred times in the course of life, felt a curiosity to know what their sensations would be if they were compelled to lay life down. The very impossibility, in ordinary cases, of obtaining any approach to this knowledge, is an incessant spur pressing on the fancy in its endeavors to arrive at it. Thus poets and painters have ever made the estate of a man condemned to die one of their themes of comment or description. Photographs and "pretences have themselves every other day, conclusively—misleading their arrangement for slipping the knot half way—out of a seeming instinct to try the secrets of that fate, which—less in fact than earnest—they feel an inward motion may become their own. And thousands of men, in early life, are uneasy until they have mounted a branch or fought a duel merely because they wish to know, experimentally, that their nerves are capable of carrying them through that peculiar ordeal.—From "Le Revenant."



Just Drop In

and see our showing of fine shoes. We warrant you'll be glad you came. Our motto is "High Quality First and Then a Square Price For It." When you see the shoes you'll have no doubt about the quality. When you inquire the price you'll find our idea of "squareness" even lower than yours.

J. R. CRIBB

The City Shoe Store

Truth About Proud Man.
"When a woman gets frightened at night she just pulls the bed clothes over her head, says she is terrified out of her wits, and goes to sleep," says one who knows, "but with a man it is different. He says he is not afraid, pushes the clothes down and lies trembling awake for two or three hours, straining his ears at every sound."

The Gold Age.
It has been well said that nowadays people know the price of everything and the value of nothing.

You Can Keep Fire Day and Night

Fire can be kept over night. Warm kitchen and no fire to build in the morning. The air-tight base construction of this new style gives Col's High Oven Range and the Patented Top Hot Blast gives a perfect combustion of the fuel. It is just the range to use in connection with a gas room, will heat the kitchen and with the fire box coil attached, you can have hot water whenever you want it. Let us show you its many good features which were made to please particular housewives. (R-44)

WILLIAM'S BROS.
Antioch, Illinois

Artificial Sapphires.
The chemical composition of the synthetic sapphire is the same as that of the natural sapphire. The only difference is that the real sapphire is crystallized, while the artificial sapphire is fused alumina or alumina glass. Between artificial and real sapphires there is just such a difference as there is between potato sugar and rock candy.—Harper's Weekly.

Very Mysterious.
An old colored woman had occasion to call the doctor for her husband, who was very ill. The doctor made a diagnosis and pronounced it a severe case of gastritis. "Oh, Lor, doctor," ejaculated the old woman, "how did he ever get dot gastritis? I heint burnt a ting but cool lie in dis yere house, on powerful little oil dat."—Harper's Bazar for September.

Real Financier.
Robbing Peter to pay Paul is an old expedient, but the ingenuity of a man in Washington improved even on that simple method. He stole his landlord's watch and then sold it to pay the rent. Such resourcefulness ought soon to put him in the frenzied-finance class.

Winter Is Coming

The Days Grow Shorter

Nature moves in cycles. Therefore, those incidents of our daily lives which have to do with Nature, occur with approximate regularity.

A few months ago your electric lighting bill grew beautifully less in proportion to the increased hours of daylight. The shrinkage was augmented by the departure of various members of the family for vacations, by the enjoyment of the long, dusky evenings on the porch and by numerous other causes which made electric light less necessary during the summer months.

Likely enough, when you paid your electric lighting bill last month you noticed how these same natural causes are once more at work in inverse order, forcing your bill back to normal winter figures.

Or you will notice it this month. And when you do, just think of the added hours you are using lights—think of the added pleasure and comfort and the greater safety that follow the free use of electric current during the gloomy, winter season.

And remember that your pro rata expense is the same—that it costs no more to use your electric lights or electric appliances at one season than it does at another.

The housewife who saw drudgery disappear when electric labor saving appliances came into her home, never thinks of losing their advantage during the winter months, simply because more electric current is used for lighting. She knows they cost her no more to use and are equally essential to her comfort.

The free use of electric lights makes winter more pleasant and new pleasures and satisfaction follow the introduction of each electrical appliance into your home.

The only advice in the use of current for light or to operate appliances is advice that will suggest itself to you DON'T WASTE THE CURRENT. SNAP IT OFF WHEN IT ISN'T NECESSARY

Public Service Company

OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

Later Bedtime
Dark Mornings
Afternoon Social Functions
Early Twilights
Tomorrows School Lessons

Another Big Slash

In Prices of Seasonable Merchandise

GROCERIES	
Chapman's Chicago Baking Powder	.15
Baking Soda	.12
4 cans Corn	.25
7 cans Sardines in oil	.25
7 bars Swifts White Soap	.25
7 cans Wizard Cleaner	.25
Seeded Raisins, pound	.08
4 pkgs Webb's Starch	.25
5 pkgs Oriole Corn Flakes	.25
7 bars Fairy Soap	.25
3 lbs 20-mule Borax	.25
4 cans Lewis Lye	.25
3 cans Chloride of Lime	.25
3 cans Old Dutch Cleanser	.25
Creamery butter, pound	.25
Quart can Peanut Butter	.25
3 pkgs Kingsford's Corn Starch	.25
3 pkgs Kingsford's Silver Gloss Starch	.25
Grape Fruit per dozen	.40
Lee & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce	.20
3 pkgs Square Deal Tobacco	.25
7 pkgs Dukes Mixture Tobacco	.25
Fine Cut Tobacco, pound	.30
DRY GOODS	
Apron Check Gingham, yard	.05
Light Shirting Prints, yard	.04
2 1/2 cent Nurse stripe Gingham	.10
20 cent Best Feather Ticking, yard	.18
12 1/2 and 15 cent French Gingham, yard	.10
Yard wide Brown Sheeting, yard	.05
Pepperill R. Brown Sheeting, yard	.07
9-11 Brown Sheeting, yard	.20
12 yard Piece Long Cloth	1.00
5 1/2 inch Fancy Silk Ribbons, yard	.20
HOSIERY	
We offer all our odds and ends in 25 cent	
Hosiery including the famous Black Cat	
brand at per pair	
As above in 15c Hose at	.13
As above in 10c Hose at	.10
4 pair Rockford Socks at	.25
UNDERWEAR	
Men's Balbriggan Underwear	.25
Men's Porous Knit Underwear	.25
2 piece Knit Bathing Suits, men and boys	.50
DRUG SUPPLIES	
Mennen's or Colgate's Talcum Powder	.12
16 oz., Bottle Peroxide	.20
16 oz., Roll Absorbent Cotton	.25
Denatured Alcohol, quart	.25
Butterick Patterns, in stock,	.25

BATTERSHALL'S

DEPARTMENT STORE

GRAYSLAKE ILLINOIS

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcements and the
Eglin Butter Market

ELGIN, ILL., Sept. 23.—The committee declared butter at 27c.

Boy's School Caps at Webb's.

Ernest Kelly of Chicago spent Sunday here.

Miss Leonella Taylor was in Burlington Monday.

Miss Schaefer spent over Sunday at Burlington.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. P. Peterson on Friday, Sept. 20, a son.

Pearl Lux of Chicago visited relatives here a few days this week.

Mrs. John Harm of Richmond, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Forbrick.

Harry Tiffany, Archie Maplethorpe and Nason Sibley were in Chicago Monday.

Wm. Motley and Orin Stevens of Richmond, Ill., were in this village on Tuesday.

Mrs. R. H. Adams of Chicago spent Thursday of last week at the home of Geo. Webb.

Miss Hurd of Speer, Ill., visited at the home of Wm. Hillebrand the first of the week.

M. C. Gleason of Iron Mountain, Mich., was calling on old friends here Wednesday.

Dr. Barber, Optician, will be in Antioch at the home of H. J. Barber, on Thursday, Oct. 3.

Supervisor Simons attended the adjourned meeting of the Board of Supervisors Wednesday.

The carpenters have completed their work on the new depot and the painters are there finishing the inside.

Reduce your meat bills by buying 2 cans salmon for 25 cents or 4 cans fine sweet corn for 25 cents at Williams Bros.

Mrs. J. B. Richardson of English Prairie and Mrs. VanDuzee of Milwaukee visited with their aunt Mrs. James Wednesday.

The Milwaukee Electric Railroad was sold Wednesday, do not know the purchasers but it is safe to say they did not come from Antioch.

F. G. Hooper has accepted a position with the Silverton Publishing Company of Chicago. Ask him how to get six dollars for two and then some.

The Ladies Aid society will serve supper from 5 to 7 o'clock Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 3 p. m., the business meeting will be held, election of officers, occur at this meeting and all members are urged to be present.

Get a pair of Trace Holders that are guaranteed to hold, see Montgomery Ward & Co. catalogue, page 870, No. J 3306 & 7, they do the Biz. don't fool with that piece of leather, get the best.

Rev. Stixrud will preach morning and evening at the M. E. church next Sunday, which is the last Sunday before the Annual Conference. Everybody is urged to come out and hear him. It might be your last chance though we hope it won't be.

It is reported that the E. L. DuPont company is planning to put the Pleasant Prairie Powder Mills into operation this fall. The plant is all ready for operation, but the demand for powder has been so small that the company decided that it could not be profitably operated at this time.

Hon. Frank Lincoln Fowler, candidate for Congress on the Democratic ticket will speak in Antioch Wednesday evening, Oct. 2, if the night is pleasant he will speak in the open air on the street. Come out and hear him. Later we will probably have Mr. Foss the regular republican candidate and Mr. Thompson the Bull Moose.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Brook and party of friends came very near being participants in an auto accident Sunday afternoon when their machine broke down near New Munster. Both the rate of speed at which they were traveling and the roads at that particular place were in their favor and the damage consisted only of a broken axle and a few bruises and scratches received by the occupants as they were thrown out. Had they been going any faster the car would surely have turned turtle.

Intolerance Not a Virtue.
Persons sometimes associate intolerance with strength and firmness of conviction; but intolerance is far more a feature of ignorance, defective sympathy, imperfect grasp of truth. We want the charity that makes allowance for other people's points of view without wavering from its own.

Feather Duster Passing.
The feather duster is rapidly disappearing. It must go as surely as the common drinking cup. It is only a little while since the feather duster was universal. Now 60 per cent of the cities have discarded it from the school buildings.

New Sweater Coats at Webb's.

Itay Smith is working at the Antioch Garage.

Men's Work Shoes \$1.75 to \$3.00 at Webb's.

Claire Kelly is confined to his bed with an injured knee.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cribb spent over Sunday at Niles, Mich.

Joseph Turner and son of Grayslake spent Tuesday in Antioch.

Henry Herman and J. C. James were Waukegan visitors Tuesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hook on Sunday, Sept. 22, a daughter.

B. H. Overton attended the funeral of his aunt Mrs. James Overton of Solon Mills Tuesday.

Heard about it? No! Parlana Opening week at Maude E. Sabina. Sept. 30 to October 5.

For Sale—Farm of eighty acres in Antioch township. Inquire of Margaret Smith, Antioch.

Wm. Harrower visited in Chicago on Tuesday. He reports that his wife is getting along nicely.

New White Clover Honey 20 cents per pound, by the crate 18 cents per pound, at Williams Bros.

The new fall models of Parlana corsets will be on display at Maude E. Sabina's during Parlana Opening week.

George Golwitzer spent Sunday at Burlington visiting Hessel Faber. Mr. Faber is recovering from the injury to his limb.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Barber, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Thayer and Mrs. A. B. Johnson left on Monday evening for Chetek, Wis.

Will sell \$120, grade Parker shot gun, first class condition including sole leather, one case \$25, without case \$22. Inquire of Ed Forbrick, Antioch R. D. 29, 3-2w.

We have for sale a splendid lot of Berkshire hogs which we will dispose of to farmers at especially low prices. Will sell trio consisting of two gilts and one boar at from \$25 to \$50. J. K. Deering.

Stephens Zold wanted in Milwaukee for the murder of Steve Dallas is being sought in lake county and it is thought that he may be working on one of the Lake County farms, as he is experienced as a farm hand.

Mrs. Campbell, the mother of Mrs. Stixrud left Monday for Louisville, Ky., to visit her son and other relatives. She expects to be gone about two months. Rev. Stixrud and son Reginald accompanied her as far as Chicago.

The Antioch Sub-district Epworth League rally which was held at Lake Villa last Sunday proved a success. Geo. Zanela District President and four other speakers were present and gave interesting addresses. Fifteen members of the Antioch league attended the afternoon meeting. Two officers of the district, Mr. Snider the first vice president and Mr. Styles district treasurer came to Antioch in the evening. Mr. Snider gave a very interesting talk to the young people of the league. Mr. Styles spoke at the evening service of the church.

HOW ARAB PRIZES HIS MARE

"Foundation of Wealth is a Mare; Bring Forth a Mare," is One of Their Sayings.

The Arab's regard for his mare is often expressed in sayings that are short and very much to the point, as for instance: "The foundation of wealth is a mare; bring forth a mare." "The greatest blessings are a wise wife and a fruitful mare."

As the Arabs themselves are divided into tribes and sub-tribes, the same system is adopted in regard to the strain of their horses' breed. In fact, the breeding is carried on in the same manner as laid down in the Koran for the Mohammedan marriages. This is one of the chief factors giving rise to the high quality of the pure bred Arab horse.

"Thoroughbred mares are never sold under any conditions, and instances have been known," says Pierre Ponadine in "Life in the Moslem East" "when five and six and ten thousand pounds have been refused; for often such mares that are too old for riding are still kept for breeding purposes."

In olden times stealing a mare was punishable by death. Sheikhs own one or more pure bred mares, according to their position and means, but it is often the case that among the less well to do people a mare is owned by several, the shares being clearly defined and division of colts made according to detailed and often complicated laws. Sometimes one family owns "one leg," while a richer man claims "two legs," etc.

The system of owning a mare in shares is found among certain Arabs in Turkish Arabia and sometimes in the city of Bagdad itself; if any one is fortunate enough to get hold of a half-bred mare, —Tit-Bits.

The best 50 cent Work Shirts at Webb's.

Hal Smith went to Chicago Tuesday for a week's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Williams spent Wednesday in Chicago.

Geo. LeRoy and family visited Sunday with W. H. Osmond.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brogan were Chicago passengers Tuesday.

For Sale—The biggest size hard coal heater, almost new. Inquire of Jacob King.

From this on we will sell hard coal for cash only. No cash no coal. Good rich Lumber Co.

David Lightner, who has been visiting his daughter at Roberts, Iowa, returned home Tuesday.

E. VanWie of Silverlake died last Friday Sept. 20. Burial was on the following Sunday. Mrs. Wm. Haneman of this village was an adopted daughter of Mr. VanWie.

Get a pair of Trace Holders that are guaranteed to hold, see Montgomery Ward & Co. catalogue, page 870, No. J 3306 & 7, they do the Biz. don't fool with that piece of leather, get the best.

Shoninger Pianos are now sold by Alden, Biddinger & Co., in addition to those they have sold heretofore. See them for anything in the music line. Two stores, 456 Market street, Kenosha, and 209 N. Genee street, Waukegan.

Anyone who would like to go to Evanston on Conference Sunday, Oct. 6, may get there by taking the milk train to Rockefeller and the electric from there to Evanston. This will bring you to Evanston in time for the morning service.

The auto races at Libertyville were postponed last Sunday on account of the muddy condition of the track. The races will be pulled off next Sunday if nothing interferes according to present plans. Sunday a number of people because of the fine outlook of the weather went out to see the races and were much disappointed.

To Our Former Patrons and Prospective Customers.

We are sure that after you have carefully looked over the new Fall and Winter fashion book for 1912 and 1913, that you will be pleased with any garment you may select and be a permanent customer for the Victor Tailoring Co., will be pleased to show styles and samples any time you may call.

Mrs. A. G. Watson.

GAUDY FUNERALS IN BURMAH

With Ballet and Band the Rich Burmese Are Paraded to Their Tombs.

They have gorgeous funerals in Rangoon, the capital of Burmah, India. When a rich Burman is buried, for instance, the funeral procession might be compared to the street parade of some circus. First comes a kind of ballet of Burmese in bright colored silks, dancing the wildest kinds of contortions, anything but graceful. Next there is the hearse, drawn by several black horses. Oddly enough, in some cases it will be a huge black English hearse with attendants in black and white girdles, instead of the usual gaudy Burmese hearse, with its models of dancers and race horses. Following this a brass band will blare out some lively tune, to which the ballet can dance, the whole being about as appropriate to the solemnities of such an occasion as would be a dirge to enliven a bridge-whist party.

Stringing along after the band will be a mile, more or less, of ox-carts with quaint tops of colored matting, each crowded with "gay mourners" who are provided with no end of refreshments. A big Burman in brilliant pink silk and carrying a large fan usually plays the part of master of ceremonies, his chief duty being to see that all are happy. As companion he will have a muscular chap bearing a huge case of bottles containing drinks for the whole party. Luckily, since dead men tell no tales, it is also true that they find no fault; and so these grotesque funerals are never interrupted by the box occupants in whose honor the spectacles are arranged.

Model Husband.
Wife—I saw the loveliest lace spreads today, only two dollars and a half, and I wanted them awfully, but I knew you wished to economize and so I didn't get them.

Husband—That's too bad, my dear; you could have got them. Anything which adds to your happiness and brings gladness to your eyes, anything which lightens your domestic cares and glides the lowering clouds, anything which borders with sweet flowers the thorny paths of duty and appeals pleasantly to your esthetic nature, making life more worth living, home a paradise, you are welcome, doubly welcome, my angel, if it doesn't cost more than two dollars and a half. New York Weekly.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

Zoological notebooks due Friday.

Monday was bargain day at Cribb's, (at least the Junior's and Senior's feet looked like it.)

Wanted—Knowledge in Physics. If competent, address room 4, row 4 and 5, High School.

Written review in English History on Friday.

Mr. Espey says, "Line up, promptly," especially the girls.

There is confusion as to who is to take German, Latin I or Latin II.

"Paris Wiggery," Fancy hair dressing, Latest styles a specialty.

Louise H.

Patiently waiting for desks. The recitation chairs haven't the capacity for books, feet and — yourself.

According to one of the Biology class, bees stir the honey to make it thick.

The Senior class have chosen their colors and pins.

One of the Sophomore girls was obeying the motto: "Onward is our aim," which hangs on the north wall of the high school room, when she fell upstairs Monday a. m.

Miss McKee (English) George you may recite.

George, (silence) George will you recite?

Fred—You'll have to talk to George over the phone if you want him, for he's absent.

Lester has a little dog, Which is a noble pup. He'll stand upon his front legs If you hold his hind legs up!

Longfellow.

Eight problems were assigned for Tuesday's arithmetic. Viola said she got the first seven wrong and didn't work the eighth. I wonder what mark was accredited (or discredited) to her!

What Troubled Him.

"Doctor," said Dennis, the old squire's valet, "don't yez think the master is getting mighty thin?"

"No harm in that, Dennis," said the doctor; "he was too fat. He'll be healthier when he's thinner."

"Likely he will," said Dennis, disappointedly; "but Ol won't be able to wear his old clothes then!"

Warfare Against Rate.

Cochin China is trying to find an effective method to destroy the rats that do great damage to the rice crops.

Resolutions of Respect
Resolutions adopted by Russel Camp No. 1096 M. W. A. in memory of Geo. T. Crittenden.

Whereas: God in His wisdom has taken our neighbor and brother Geo. T. Crittenden from our camp and from earth and we as members of Russell camp No. 1096 M. W. of A. deplore the sudden taking away of our respected neighbor, we must bow to the inevitable and trust that He doeth all things for the best.

Therefore be It Resolved, That this camp extend to the bereaved family our sincere sympathy and commend them to Him who will guide them wisely.

Resolved: That these resolutions be published in the Antioch News and a copy be sent to the bereaved family. And Be It Further Resolved: That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days in memory of our departed brother and neighbor.

J. A. Hoffman
Henry Patch
Jas. A. Reeves.

Her Faith Lost.

A little Boston girl was coaxed to town to her aunt that she had done something which she ought not, and which she stoutly denied. Finally, such undeniable proof of her guilt was put up before her that she could no longer keep her denial. She turned to her aunt, and said: "Well, Aunt Kittle, you can't trust anybody, nowadays!"

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NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Scientists Believe There Is a Reason for Bugs



WASHINGTON—Secretary Wilson is looking for bedbugs in his official and not his private capacity. Mr. Wilson wants all the bedbugs he can get, and furthermore he is willing to pay a fair price for them.

This is not a hobby with Tama Jim. In fact, he has no intention of ever coming in personal contact with the unpopular bipeds or quadrupeds or centipedes, whichever class they happen to belong to. Mr. Wilson wants as many of this species of the bug family as he can buy at a nickel apiece—for purely experimental purposes.

On the old Lewis farm, near Vienna, a few miles from Washington, the department of agriculture maintains an experimental farm. Every class of bugs that have any part whatever in farm life are being studied by the department's scientists.

In the railroad station at Vienna this sign was posted:

"WANTED—Bedbugs. Five cents will be paid for each bedbug delivered at the office of the experimental

farm of the department of agriculture."

The farmers of Vienna intend to call at the farm and make sure that accommodations have been made for the safekeeping of the bugs.

Some of Uncle Sam's scientists believe there is a reason for bedbugs and if they manage to substantiate this theory they intend to put them to work at a more gratuitous task than that upon which they are generally engaged.

There is a theory that most self-respecting species of bugs will have no dealings with bedbugs—in fact, they will not live in the same neighborhood.

This theory is based upon two assumptions. The first is that bedbugs are scorpions and beat up and kill anything else that happens to cross their way in bugdom.

Now the department of agriculture's scientists have about decided which bugs do the most damage to fruit trees. These experiments have been carried on at the Lewis farms for many months. The most deadly bugs, as far as fruit is concerned, have been segregated in boxes and bottles.

The bedbugs are to be introduced to these select fruit killers and then the scientists are going to see what happens.

If the bedbugs carry off the honors Uncle Sam may try to induce them to leave their present abodes for fruit orchards.

Ah, It Was a Sad Day for "Count" Perreard

JEAN PERREARD, true son of Paris, he of the Cafe du Perreard, was disconsolate the other day.

It was the Sabbath and also the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. And for the first time in years the "count," as he is familiarly known, failed to observe the day. The count's celebrations have been notable events in Washington for years, but the count left the day pass quietly because it fell on a Sunday.

Everything about the Chateau de Perreard was normal, except that from a window breezed the tricolor of La Belle France.

Stilled were the clinking glasses, because it was the Sabbath day. The hearty chanting of "The Marseillais," as only the count could chant it, was not wafted out into Thirteenth street from the chateau windows as in the past.

In fanciful retrospection the count recalled the celebrations of yesterday and his friends missed them. The bon vivants of the town, who call Perreard the count, recalled the trips down the river as his guests and how he used to chant the cabaret



songs of dear old Paris. And all remembered how the count used to say, when asked how he would celebrate the independence day of France:

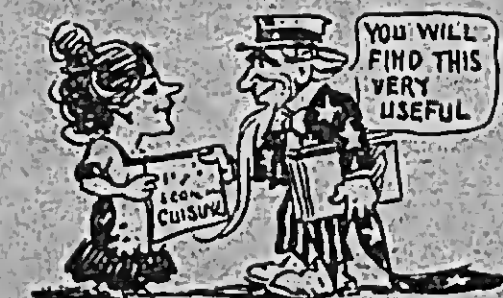
"Oh, eet will be ze grande time."

The continental Sunday has about as much chance in Washington as the count would have had in the Marathon, and so the only way the head of the house of Perreard could observe the day was to sip a little green stuff, as it filtered through a leaf of sugar. But all the time the tricolor floated in the breeze from the casement of the cafe.

The count could not have a public party, and so he had none. It was a bad day for Franco.

And the count was very, very sad.

Agricultural Department an Aid to Housewives



NO branch of the United States government comes so near to the life of the people as the department of agriculture, which deals with the cotton and other fibers of which our clothes are made, the flocks and herds we raise, the crops we produce, the food we eat and the timber of which our houses are built.

The closeness of the relation between the department and the people is a great measure due to the fact that the use which is made of agricultural products receives as much attention as their production, and the great bulk of these products is used in the home.

Commenting on this phase of the department's work Secretary Wilson said:

"Commercial industries were long ago studied by scientific methods, since it was found that gaining knowledge by experience was much more costly than gaining it by systematic study. It is only lately that we have come to realize that it is equally profitable to study the housekeepers' problems."

"Fifty years ago few such questions had been taken to the laboratory and few schools gave instruction in such subjects. Today very many men and women of scientific training have taken the home problem to the laboratory and are finding ways of helping the housekeeper to solve her problems satisfactorily."

"The department of agriculture has studied many questions which relate to the use of agricultural products on the farm and in the home, but perhaps none of them has a closer relation to the household than the nutrition investigations of the office of experiment stations, which have to do with the use of agricultural products as human foods and whose object is to help the housewife in her efforts to provide good living at reasonable cost, without undue labor."

Turkey Trot New? Danced 500 Years in Borneo

IT WILL be news to many doubters that the much-criticized "turkey trot" has been danced to the rain god of a savage tribe in the north of Borneo for more than five hundred years. Several young women of one of Washington's exclusive circles were accompanied when Prof. Edward Davidson, a Washington dancing master, made this statement to them during a lecture on the history of dancing.

Professor Davidson said that the "trot" is one of the holy of holies in the religion of the savage Muruts. When there comes a prolonged dry spell these head-hunting natives perform the trot day in and day out until the great rain god has heard their prayers. The professor visited the north of the island several years ago. He says he saw them dance around the image of the god an entire night.

"During the latter part of the eighteenth century the turkey trot was introduced into the dancing schools of Italy and Portugal, and soon everybody was doing it. In the first part of the nineteenth century it gradually died out."



"The clergy of Italy, Spain and Portugal made a loud outcry against the heathen dance, but the physical culturists and dancing masters favored it on the ground that it was good exercise. In the fashionable dancing schools of Rome it was all the rage for a short time. Traces of the turkey trot can be seen in the folk dances of Switzerland, Portugal, Spain, Italy and France."

"In 1838 an Italian named Giovanni Casini introduced the dance to San Francisco. For a time it was not appreciated much outside of Barbary Coast circles. Then it came to New York and certain prominent dancing masters introduced it into the Four Hundred."

NICARAGUA REBELS GOING INTO ACTION



OUR photograph shows a detachment of revolutionaries in Nicaragua going into action at Reerib with a machine gun that has just been landed.

WEDDED BY BEECHER

Wartime Romance Recalled by 50th Anniversary.

Hasty Marriage of Divinity Student Mawes Deep Impression on Famous Preacher—Makes It Subject of Article.

Danbury, Conn.—A wartime marriage, performed by Henry Ward Beecher, then pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, while making a visit to Washington, Conn., was recalled by the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of the Rev. and Mrs. Horace Q. Judd, at their home in Bethel.

Mr. Judd, a retired minister of the New York East Methodist Conference, was a young divinity student at the time of his marriage, and had just enlisted for the war. His bride was Miss Ellen E. Crofut, of New Preston. The wedding was decided upon the day before Mr. Judd's regiment, the 17th Connecticut Volunteers, was to march away to the war, and the youthful soldier and his bride hastened to Washington, the nearest village to Miss Crofut's home, to find a minister.

Mr. Beecher learned of their errand and performed the ceremony. The incident so impressed the famous preacher that he made it the subject of an article that appeared in "The New York Independent" soon afterward, in which he wrote:

"It was Sabbath evening, calm, soft, clear, sweet breathed, as if there had never been a sin or a sigh among these lovely hills. We wandered down to Mr. Gunn's school to find a boy of our liking, when lo! posthaste, came messengers, a wedding! A young soldier just going to the war meant to give his girl the right to come to him, should he be sick or wounded. Tomorrow he leaves. Tonight they must be married. To Mr. Frank Brinsmade's we posted."

How came it to be there? The young volunteer had got his "certificate" of the town clerk, and he had stepped across the street and told our friend that the brave soldier was hunting for a minister. Just then, in a stout, coarse soldier's blue, came the man, and his flower by his side.

"By one of those generous sympathies that seize good people, out ran a noble woman to invite them to stop and be married there, and as several connected families were gathered there for an evening's singing,

there were a score of maidens to greet the bride, and many men to welcome the bridegroom."

Not one had ever seen the parties or knew aught of them. It was enough that the man was going to fight for the old flag. We looked in their faces and were satisfied. The rooms were thronged. The service proceeded and closed. Then some one, unbidden, but moved to do it, began to sing, "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah," all joined. Then "America" and the "Star Spangled Banner" were added.

Flowers were brought in for the young wife—white day-lilies and geranium leaves. Little remembrances were sought out for the guests, and an enthusiasm of kindness filled the house. Thus two strangers, at twilight, came riding into town, seeking a solitary wedding, in order that on the morrow, he going to the war, she might have a right to wear his name.

They were stopped, caught out of their vehicle, borne into a refined home, surrounded with loving hearts, all delicately offering service and making them welcome, and giving them a wedding that, for glow and joy and gladness, few even of those most favored can give their children. As the young husband and wife were leaving, all gathered about the doorway gate and sang a parting hymn.

BRAVE DOG GIVEN FUNERAL

Tige Got Ten Cents for Every Rat He Killed and Had Bank Account of His Own.

Columbus, O.—Lying in a little white silver handled casket in a local hotel and properly embalmed was the body of Tige, the dog who saved several lives in a hotel fire three years ago. Tige was carried to a cemetery in a real hearse.

Since the fire which threatened the master's hotel and the lives of many people Tige ran down the corridors and scratched on the doors until the guests were awakened in time to escape.

Chinese Curo Falls, Sculptor Dies.

Seattle, Wash.—Louis Potter, the New York sculptor, died here while undergoing treatment by a Chinese physician for a minor skin disease of long standing. Mr. Potter came here ten days ago on a tour of the west. The exact cause of his death has not been determined. The coroner is conducting an investigation.

Use Shakespearean Names.

London.—The Times announces that Winston Spencer Churchill, first lord of the admiralty, in a search for names for 20 new torpedo boat destroyers has gone to the works of Shakespeare and Scott.

IS RUDE TO GABRIEL

Purser Ejects Him From Appropriated Stateroom.

Polished Manners and Manners of Stow-away de Luxe Falls to Win Ship's Officer—Goes into the Lazaret.

New York.—You have to hand it to Gabriel Fancher for the polish on his finger nails, his manners and his nerve. The officers of La Lorraine of the French line have handed it to him already.

Gabriel went aboard the vessel at Havre with \$15 in the coin of La Belle France reposing close to the exact crease running down the right leg of his trousers, and the money was still in his pocket when La Lorraine steamed into New York harbor.

When the French equivalent for "All ashore that's going ashore" was sung out at Havre, Gabriel did not respond.

By that time he had glanced over the second-class passenger list and had picked out for his own a large unoccupied stateroom.

Gabriel was one of the first at table for the first meal of the voyage, and kept up the record for several days. He was a cheerful soul, and in his search for congenial spirits acquired considerable popularity in the second cabin.

For the first few days of the trip the purser was visibly worried. Time and again he wandered about the ship, counting noses. One by one he called the second-class passengers into a private conference and quizzed them.

The last to be cross-examined was Gabriel. Every one else had been able to point out their particular name on the purser's list and show in other ways that their passage had been honorably contracted for.

"You are rude, sir," snapped Gabriel when the purser suggested that he might have neglected to purchase his passage. "You are ridiculous, too, and I must refuse to discuss this affair with you."

Without delay the purser proceeded to live up to the character given him by Gabriel. He moved the young gentleman from his comfortable stateroom to the lazaret, which is the ship's prison. And then—but not it is too horrible—it is monstrous, the act of a fiend—this rude, ridiculous purser dug up from the hold another who had started without the equivalent of a stowaway de luxe.

This person was Lucien Guillemet, a Swiss, who had worked with his hands. He was dirty from his days of intimate contact with the cargo in the bowels of the ship, and not at all debonair. And into the lazaret they put Lucien Guillemet!

Gabriel sent an indignant message to the captain, saying that he was unused to occupying the same sleeping quarters with another, particularly one such as his present roommate. But the pig of a purser intercepted the note.

They turned both Gabriel and the Swiss, who confessed he wanted to work with his hands in the new world so badly that he had stolen a perfectly good passage from La Campagnie Trans-Atlantique over to the Ellis Island authorities.

And the mockery of it is that they will probably let the "horny-handed, plodding Swiss" have his way, while the most desirable Gabriel will return whence he came.

NO CLEW TO HISTORY

STUDENTS OF ARCHEOLOGY ALL PUZZLED OVER YUCATAN.

Art and Architecture of Once Great People Are There, but Hieroglyphics Baffle All the Knowledge of the Scientists.

Pittsburg.—Through the efforts of Henry Hornbostel, head of the building bureau of the Pittsburg Carnegie Institute of Technology, there will be in the Carnegie Institute before a great while specimens of dislabeled American art and architecture, the legacy of that mysterious people who lived ages ago in America, attained a high degree of civilization, developed a beautiful and cultivated art, and then passed away, leaving only these treasures of art and architecture to tell what their civilization had been. Already Mr. Hornbostel has been instrumental in arousing the Carnegie Museum of Washington to an interest in this field and it has set aside an appropriation for exploration of the art of Yucatan. In company with Lloyd Warren, Mr. Hornbostel made a pleasure trip to Yucatan during a recent vacation, going far into the interior of the country where lies waiting a storehouse of material for students of archeology with references to hieroglyphics as well as art and architecture. The hieroglyphics are all the more alluring because of their baffling conditions, with never a clew yet discovered to work from in deciphering their meaning, which would reveal to us the minds of the wonderful ancient inhabitants of America. The priceless heritage has lain neglected and crumbling to ruins while at the same time huge sums are being paid by our museums for replicas of works of art of the eastern hemisphere.

With the completion of the Panama canal all signs point to a vast influx of northerners into these southern states and an awakening of interest in the study of the arts. Their pottery and decorative designs are already being made use of by enterprising dealers and advertisers in all kinds of wares as souvenirs of the celebration of the opening of the great canal.

"The day will soon come," says Mr. Hornbostel, "when excursions to the ruins of Yucatan will be made as easily as to the Holy Land or to Egypt. It is now impossible for pettiplous to travel into the interior of the country, as it is as wild and densely forested as the interior of Africa. Mr. Warren, myself and our guide made the journey from Merida, the capital of Yucatan, in the most



On the Plains of Yucatan.

primitive of wooden wagons drawn by three burros, and because of the loose construction of its wooden wheels and axles, which allow it to wobble from side to side without injury, wonderfully adapted to the rough stone roads of the country."

Two absolutely unique characteristics of the ancient people who built these ruins thousands of years ago, and of whom they and the pyramids on which many of them are built are the only traces, were noted by Mr. Hornbostel. The first is that the towns were built without walls or fortifications of any kind, there were no roads and the houses were far apart, making them "indeed garden cities, and there were no beasts of burden." "This vanished race was a peaceful people," said Mr. Hornbostel, "and such architecture of a primitive race is absolutely unique in history. They had no fear of an invading army and no preparation to repulse one. They had no means of moving either an army or supplies." The second peculiarity noted by the travelers is the original form of architecture in the construction of the buildings, which are made of small stones, out and dressed, with an original cantilever construction of arches. This structure, Mr. Hornbostel claims, he has not found anywhere else in all his study of architecture, ancient, medieval and modern.

Wife's Blood Saves Life.

Baltimore.—Harry H. Aubrey, baseball player, has the heroism of his wife, Mrs. Margaret Aubrey, and skill of Johns Hopkins hospital surgeons to thank for his life. Lying aside on the operating table, with her artery attached to his vein in the arm, her blood flowed into the life of the man with whom she was one. For an hour the transfusion went on, until the man was considered strong enough to stand a successful operation for the removal of a tumor.

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Mrs. Frank Nadr who has been quite sick is improving.

Susie Calugi of Whitewater, visited her sister here recently.

C. B. Hamlin and family spent Sunday at Grayslake with relatives.

R. A. Douglas was home the first of the week, suffering from neuralgia.

Frank Sherwood of Glenwood spent Saturday night with his parents here.

Misses Mamie and Catherine Leonard have gone to Chicago for their winter's work.

P. S. Daniels attended a meeting of the Sunday School Superintendents and a banquet at Hotel Stafford in Chicago Tuesday.

The Hall family who have a summer home near here, returned to their Oak Park home Tuesday. Miss Villa Larson accompanied them.

The R. N. A. camp gave a kitchen shower at its meeting Tuesday for its recent bride, Mrs. John Mitchell. The meeting was also a farewell party in honor of Mrs. L. W. Rowling and Miss Eva who are to leave in a few days for their future home in Oregon. Refreshments were served and a very pleasant afternoon enjoyed.

A very pleasant and profitable Epworth League rally was held at the church Sunday. Delegates from Grayslake and Antioch were present and an all day session was held. Dinner and supper was served in the basement by the Lake Villa league. A number of speakers from Chicago gave interesting talks, a good musical program was rendered by the home choir and a pleasant day spent.

Professional.

An editor's little boy had picked up much of his father's professional vocabulary. After his father had explained the meaning of the word "hereditary" he considered the matter thoughtfully for a moment. "I see," he said, "it's a kind of 'continued in our next'."

Sample of German Ingenuity.

In Germany, says the Scientific American, wood is too expensive to be burned, and it is made into artificial silk worth \$2 a pound and bristles worth \$1 a pound, into paper, yarn, twine, carpet, canvas and cloth. From sawdust parquetry flooring is made; the materials for this may be bought by the pound and then mixed, so that the householder can lay his own hardwood floors according to his individual taste and ingenuity.

Siberian Land Threatened.

Extensive tracts of land in Siberia are threatened by the encroachment of the great Gobi desert, and a plan has now been drawn up for a series of forest ramparts to hold back the salt and drift. The only effective defense, according to the report of agronomists sent to survey the region is in tree belts at least two miles broad. It is proposed to plant one of these from Samara to the Caspian sea, while others are recommended extending in intervals of about 40 miles right up to the Chinese frontier.

HOW TERM "MUG" ORIGINATED

In the Days of Old Faces of Men Were Fitted Upon the Ale Jugs.

When you call for a draught of ale in a chop house it is served quite as often as not in a toby, a jug modeled roughly after the form of a little old man in a cocked hat. This chop house toby of today was quite probably "made in Germany," but his ancestors came from England.

Most of them belong to Staffordshire and there is not a solemn one among the lot. In the latter part of the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth famous men's faces were fitted to pitchers much as nowadays the likenesses of our national characters are cast in plaster of paris and sold in the shops.

So it is that we find Wellington and Drake, General Howe and Lord Nelson, hollowed into ale mugs for the greater glory of their deeds. It has even been asserted that here originated the unhandsome term "mug" as the colloquial designation of the face.

From the collector's viewpoint there are two classes of toby, the portrait toby and the jug, which is merely a comic. The portraits may be of historic worthies or they may simulate ideal characters such as John Bull or mythical characters such as Punch or characters from action such as Falstaff. Country Life in America.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

RUSSELL

James Oliver is quite sick.

John Traynor was a Chicago caller Tuesday.

The proceeds taken in from the Peach social Friday night was \$15.00.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sivers entertained relatives from Plymouth, Wis., over Sunday.

Mrs. George Crittenden and family made a business trip to Waukegan on Tuesday.

Allen Dixon entertained a number of friends Wednesday. The day was spent playing checkers.

Kelly & McCann will hold a dance at their hall on Friday evening October 4. All are invited to attend.

Those attending the Ladies Aid and Cemetery societies at Hickory church on Thursday last report a most delightful time.

HOW HE KNOCKED OUT COLD

Algernon Grappled With it in Time—He Explains His Never Failing Remedy.

"You seem to have a cold this morning, Algernon," said Mr. Topfloor, as the elevator "boy" responded rather grudgingly to his cheerful "good morning."

"Yes, sah; I've got the ebblumens of a col, tank de Lo'd. I's decidumly hoarsed in mah froat, but I den t'ink de troublution gwinn to mount to much. Yo' see, I done took it in time. I's raight bad las' night, but befo' I retire to mah bald I rub mah chest an' froat good wif taller an' turpentine. Den I has a v-e-r-y hot barf tub full witeh an' I steps into dat. Den I gits 'bout half pint o' whiskey an' puts dat into a glass wif some billa' hot watah an' sugah an' a le-e-ls lemon loose— Oh, no, sah; I didn' drink it all; I should say not. I give some ob it to mah wife an' some ob it to mah two lil' gals, an' de res' of it I takes mahself, an' aft'r dat I go raight straight to bald an' sleeps like a hum-mu' top, an' dis mornin' I feels fus' rate. Dere's nothin' lks taller an' turpentine an' a good hot drink o' whiskey fo' a col. It heal up de eppigluts ob de froat an' cles de out de bronch' 'nobs raight 'way an' p'vents yo' fom takin' consumption. Dat de mos' dread'fules' disease! How does I know 'bout it? W'y, I was down to de Amuseum Nat'ral Hist'ry de time dey had de 'tachment' dere fo' showin' how consumption 'tacks de human body, an' I foun' out all 'bout it. An' eber sence den I bin scared o' mah life dat me or mah wife or mah chil'lens might git it, but I reckon ob I takes de p'scutions ob de turpentine an' taller an' de hot whisky de good Lo'd won' let none ob us git it!"

Woman's Concoctions.

"When a woman prepares refreshments for a party," said a cynical person, "she takes the inside out of something and puts in it the inside of something else. Then she pours a yellow mixture over the result and its success depends upon the difficulty the guests have in telling what it was, before she began fooling with it."

Her Fellow Feeling.

The children had been disobedient and troublesome, and the mother, instead of punishing them, brought them into the room by telling them a pathetic story of orphans who had no home. Little Jack, in tears, rolled under the sofa to hide his grief. Mary stood out a little longer, and then called: "Come on-out, Jack; I'm crying, too."—Lippincott's.

Surpassed Them All.

A near race riot happened in a southern town. The negroes gathered in one crowd and the whites in another. The whites fired their revolvers into the air, and the negroes took to their heels. Next day a plantation owner said to one of his men: "Sam, were you in that crowd that gathered last night?" "Yessir." "Did you run like the wind, Sam?" "No sir. I didn't run like the wind, 'deed I didn't. But I passed two niggers that was running like the wind."—Pennsylvania Grit.

Smoking to Cure Deafness.

Harriet Martineau suffered from deafness. One who knew her writes: "The degree of deafness varied, and she tried all sorts of remedies. Under the advice of some scientific person she tried smoking. I had the privilege of providing her privately with some very mild cigars, and many and many a summer night have we sat together for half an hour or so in her porch at the knoll, smoking. She tried this remedy for only a few months, but she fancied it had a beneficial effect upon her hearing."

How to Remove Iodine Stain. Mix cold starch with water and put your material or garment in it to soak. Let it remain in this mixture until the stain has entirely disappeared.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Public Taste.

"Now," the manager complained, "here is an interesting play; the star is young, beautiful, and a splendid actress; the company is a capable, well-balanced one, and the production is excellent in every respect—yet it is a failure. The people simply will not become interested in it. How do you account for it?"

"I don't account for it," replied the man with the high brow and the wrinkles which indicated that he was in the habit of thinking. "I have made a rather careful study of the public during the last few years, and if you think talent, worthiness and general excellence are to be relied upon for success in any art or profession which is compelled to depend upon public patronage it will be a waste of time to do any accounting for the failure you mention."

Raccoons Natural Thieves.

If you have raccoons in your home, keep a watchful eye on all articles within reach of the animals. They will steal anything from a pocket knife to a diamond ring. Notwithstanding the trouble necessitated by guarding against the mischievous habits of the creatures, they are members of many households. They are fond of milk, and will resort to all sorts of tricks and subterfuges to obtain it.

The Prime of Age.

"I understand that Lemuel Holland has come back to Danby to end his days," said a former resident of the village to Peter Hobbs, the stage driver. "How old is he?" "He's only 89," said Mr. Hobbs, "and I guess you've made a mistake about his ending his days here. He came home so he could get the new library started and the bank organized right up to date, and see to the drinking fountain that's to be put on the green."

"He calculates to spend a year or two with us, but he told me the other day he'd always promised his son out in California he'd pass the latter part of his life out there, and he's planning to go before he falls any, so's to have the full enjoyment of the trip across the country."—Youth's Companion.

A Prayer.

We receive out of the dark hand of mystery the gift of sunny days. We pledge ourselves to take them with a hearty will, and live them out to the full measure of the power of joy—yet never with a loose or temporary mind. In the moment we will not forget the hours, nor in the hours the years; nor in the years the complete stature of our lives, framed in eternal silence.—Max Eastman in the Twentieth Century Magazine.

A Word to the Wise Take Care of Your Eyes

Good Work  Done Right

The eye is the most precious thing we have and should be taken care of as such.

Headache, nervousness, dizziness, and nausea often laid to other causes but nine times out of ten they are caused by eyestrain.

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